Tory *Pills to purge* Whig *Melancholy.*

BEING A

COLLECTION

Of the Beſt

POEMS, SONGS, &c.

Written in Defence of

CHURCH and STATE.

For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon. Hudib.

The Second Edition.

To which is added,

A Short ACCOUNT of the State of *England*, when King JAMES deſign'd to call his Second Parliament.

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Printed for *A. Moore*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1715.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Publick is here presented with a considerable Number of Poetical Pieces, impartially collected, to satisfy the Inclination of the most zealous Royalists, and the Curiosity of the more Indifferent. Here are many Things which have been handed about privately in Manuscript; some few have appear'd more openly in

Print, and others were never before divulg'd. It is not to be queſtion'd, but that many Readers may have ſeen ſome of them; yet every one will find ſomething new, and moſt Men never yet read any of them. As the Deſign is not to offend, ſo it has been alſo endeavour'd to ſuit every Capacity; here are ſome Things ſolid, others burleſque; ſome more lofty, others in an humbler Strain; yet ſo, as it is hop'd none will be thought wholly unworthy of being preſerv'd. They are now in their Prime, when every Perſon may underſtand what is allegorical; and, perhaps, in Time to come, may merit a Key, for Poſterity to judge of the Humour of this Age.

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Tory

Tory *PILLS.*

Said to be found upon the Queen's Toylet.

O *Anna!* see, the Prelude is begun,
Again they play the Game of Forty One,
And he's the Traytor that defends the Throne.
Thus *Laud*, and thus the *Royal Martyr* dy'd,
Impeach'd by *Clamour*, and by Traytors try'd.
H——'s cry'd up, that does thy Rights oppose,
Because he crowns the *Mob*, and arms thy Foes.
Stop the portentous Omen, ere too late;
View thy whole Friends in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate.
Stated Experience now bids all be wise,
Let one Rebellion in an Age suffice;
At him they strike, but *regal Right's* their Prize.

Salisbury-*Steeple revers'd*:

OR,

The Turn-spit Bishops.

WHEN the twenty brave Pleaders, call'd out (of the Throng,
For good Manners, quick Thought, and voluble Tongue,
Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,
And left their good Lordships in Judgment to sit,
A Prelate *Adroit*, at Text or Debate,
Sent to eight trusty Brethren, in Council to meet;
They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,
To know what his *Kirkship* had for 'em to do.
When they came, all the Servants were order'd away,
And they drank to *Low-Church* in two Gallons of *Tea*,
T' inspire 'em with Zeal 'gainst *High-Church* and its Sway.
Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here,
For Matters of *Moment* require our great Care.
The Godly lay five, who all Matters contrive,
That the Protestant Church may still flourish and thrive,
By me, their sure *Nuncio*, do send you this Greeting,
And pray me to tell you how to vote the next Meeting.
Our Friends have now *roasted* this Priest and his Cause,
In spite of his Homilies, Scripture, and Laws,
And we must not sit *passively* sucking our Paws.

Walp—le,

Walp—le was warm, and as fit at that Season,
Supply'd with hard Words, the *Abſence* of Reaſon.
Lech——re ſhew'd Art, was as bold as a Lyon,
And i' th' *good old Cauſe* excell'd *Pim*, *Prynn*, and *Tryon*,
Or the choiceſt of Saints in the bleſs'd Year *Forty One*.
Gentle *Dolben*, a Son of a Prelate, with Grace,
As if got by a Whig of Republican Race,
Aſſerted that Cauſe without a Bluſh in his Face;
For which we owe Thanks, and a laſting Renown,
Being all o' th' ſame Stamp, obſcur'd by a Gown.
St——ope ſoft as a Dove, fam'd for *Arms*, more for *Love*,
With the greateſt good Manners the *Ladies* did move;
But was ill requited; that Sex, near and far,
Call'd him inſolent, rude, and hiſs'd him from the Bar.
What Spirit, briſk Air, and Rhet'rick divine,
In lofty Sir *James* and his Harrangue did ſhine?
But oh! ſuch rare Eloquence, profound Wit and Parts,
Politick Learning, with the Cream of all Arts,
Appear'd in Lord *Wil—m* 'gainſt *Sacheverell*,
As no *Cherub* can reach, nor *Angel* excel.
Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,
And ſhew in Church-Matters what *Biſhops* can do.
I'll tell what by me and great *Wil——m* was done,
And prove him a Traytor, that calls Folks *Vulpone*.
I'll tell him a Tale, that to hit him won't fail,
Of a Dame made a *Victim* to high flying Zeal,
And move Fleſh and Blood to ſee her *undreſt*,
And hew'd all to Pieces by a hot-headed Prieſt:

For us 'twould be ſhameful in Silence to ſit;
When a *Prieſt* is a *roaſting*, we muſt help *turn* the *Spit*.
Do you, my Lord *Ox—d*, 'gainſt Monarchs be keen,
But as you love *Wor——er*, ſpare the good Queen.
This perhaps, by the by, in your Way may not lie,
But my *We—t* and your *Ho——ly* will Matters ſupply;
That you'll for a gentle *mild* Sentence give out,
When the Queſtion is put, you know how to vote.
On your Brother *Nor——ch* we chiefly depend,
The Right of our *Puritan* Friends to defend;
And may he excel both his Patrons Renown,
Be juſt as the FATHER, and wiſe as the SON.
From our Brother *Chich.* we ſhould claim a fine Speech
On this ranting high Sermon, the Co——ns impeach;
But now *Eaſter*'s at Hand, we expect not a Word,
Since the *Pariſh* bids more than we can afford.
He muſt looſe his Off'rings, with this they do teas him,
Or vote againſt us, in order to pleaſe 'em.

Some *Lay* Peers, we doubt, will be apt for to flinch,
But are ſure that your *Lordſhips* will not budge an Inch.
What, tho' we all did once *Reſiſtance* renounce,
And for not being *paſſive*, poor *Johnſon* did trounce?
Sure we never took up our Opinions *for Life*,
For better for worſe, as a Man does his Wife?
What Opinion is upmoſt, 'tis ſafe to be of it,
A Fig for *Lawn Sl—s*, that wont turn for their Profit.
Thus incens'd at the *Doctor*, theſe Ri—t Re——nd (Teachers
Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all *High-Church* (Preachers:
But

But oh! how they look'd, when their Friends hung an Arſe,
And their deep-plotted *Tragedy* turn'd to a *Farce!*
With Amazement they found their Cauſe all a-ground,
And the *Hall* with loud Ecchos of Joy to reſound;
They ſlunk to their Coaches, the *Doctor* did follow;
They went off with a *Whoop*, but he with a *Hallow*.

The Thankſgiving.

REpublicans, your tuneful Voices raiſe,
And teach the People who to thank and praiſe.
Lord *Wharton* firſt, for b'ing High-Church's Terror,
And confuting that antique vulgar Error,
That poys'nous Creatures could not in *I—land* live,
'Till he came thither, ſuch Methods to contrive,
That nought but worſe than *Serpents* might ſurvive.
Thank him for coming o'er to *roaſt* a Prieſt,
And for's incomparable *witty* Jeſt,
In calling Church-men *Cats*, and hurrying on
His wide-mouth'd *Non-Con* Beadles to worry 'em.
Thank him for cocking's Hat i' th' Houſe, and hideous Bawling,
To ſhew his Wits were gone a *Caterwauling*;
Or elſe he'd maul'd High-Church, and ſnack'd her Spoils,
By old *Rump*-Arts, or new *Diſſenting*-Wiles.

Thank the *Scotch* Peers who voted for the Church,
And the *Lawn Sl—s* that left her in the Lurch.
Thank the L—d M—r, a *Wight* by all forſaken,
For turning Cat i' th' Pan to ſave his Bacon.
Thank wiſe *Sa—el* for being ſo hugely civil,
As to call Truth, the Doctrine of the Devil.
Thank the L. C. J. or all had been loſt,
Who, by nicking Time, gain'd the vacant Poſt,
Which he had never had, but for *baſting* the Roaſt.
Thank the *Stock-Jobbers* for your thriving Trade;
Thank juſt *Vulpone* that all your Debts are pay'd.
Thank thoſe who in Dearth ought to have reſerv'd
To relieve the Poor, who were almoſt ſtarv'd;
Yet waſted a hundred thouſand Pounds at leaſt,
In a new Frolick of *Bear-baiting* a Prieſt;
Or, which was quite as well, to make themſelves a Jeſt.
Thank Dr. *W—ſt* for preaching up Reſiſtance,
And more the *Jeſuits*, for giving him Aſſiſtance.
Thank them that thank'd him for advancing Tenets
Entirely *Popiſh*, or *Presbyterian K—t's.*
Thank your ſelves, proud *W—gs*, that you're expos'd and blam'd,
And in all *Addreſſes* reproachfully nam'd;
But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.

The

The Church of England's *New Toaſt.*

LOng Life to the Queen, and a proſperous Reign,
May ſhe humble proud Monſieur, and make him quit *Spain* ;
May ſhe ſettle young *Charles* in his Anceſtors Throne,
And make all his Subjects as bleſs'd as her own.
Here's a Health to the Church, and to all that dare right her ;
To the Perſons that wear, and are Friends to the Mitre :
To the fifty two Lords who Whig-Notions abhor'd,
And wiſely declar'd againſt burning God's Word :
To the many Grand-Juries, who have boldly expreſs'd
Their Z al for the Church, when the Queen they addreſs'd :
To *Glo'ſter* and *Oxford*, and *Warwick* the brave,
Who its Doctrines from all its Oppoſers would ſave ;
And to all that Republican Tenets deteſt,
With Warmth in their Words, and with Truth in their Breaſt :
To her Majeſty's Uncle, who'd make us all ſafe,
If again but poſſeſs'd of the M—e and S—ff ;
And the reſt of the Stateſmen, who, fam'd for their Zeals,
Have a Right to the Key, and the Purſe, and the Seals :
To the Counties and Boroughs that lay it at Heart,
That the Members they've choſen, from their Duties ſhould ſtart,

And

And promiſe that they'll better Meaſures purſue,
Than to chuſe ſuch ſham P——ts as theſe are, anew.
May *England*, Old *England*, in Glory ſtill riſe,
And bleſs'd be the Preacher that open'd her Eyes.
Here's a Health to the Doctor, whom no one muſt name,
And he's a *falſe Brother* that won't pledge the ſame.

The Old Pack.

I.

COme ye old *Engliſh* Huntſmen, that love noble Sport,
Here's a Pack to be ſold, and ſtaunch Dogs of the Sort;
Nor Sir *Sewſter*, nor *Chetwynd*, can match our fleet Hounds,
For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;
Some are deep-mouth'd and ſpeedy, ſome mad, blind, and lame,
Some Yelpers and Curs, but all fit for the Game.
Then to Horſe, loyal Hearts, leaſt the Round-heads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.

II.

There's Atheiſts and Deiſts, and fawning Diſſenter,
There's Republican ſly, and long-winded Canter;
There's Hereſy, Schiſm, and mild Moderation,
That's ſtill in the Wrong, for the Good of the Nation;

There's

There's Baptiſt, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,
'Till kind Toleration link'd 'em all in Church-Couples.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

III.

Some were bred in the Army, ſome dropt from the Fleet;
Under Bulks ſome were litter'd, and ſome in the Street;
Some are good harmleſs Curs, without Teeth or Claws,
Some were whelp'd in a Shop, and ſome Runners at Laws;
Some we wretched poor Curs, Mungrel, Starvers, and Setters,
'Till dividing the Spoil, they put in with their Betters.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

IV.

A few, very few of the true *Engliſh* Breed,
Whoſe Noſes were good, and of excellent Speed;
But what's a fine Mouth to oppoſe ſuch vile Throats,
Where Hunters and Noiſe quite drown the ſweet Notes?
If he bites of a Fault, or runs the Scent right,
Honeſt Tory is worry'd for a rank *Jacobite*?
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

V.

Five hundred ſtout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,
But the Leaders in Chief, are but old Forty One;
On hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,
Then trail a Court-Place, how the ſtauncheſt change Notes!

Tho'

Tho' no Horn nor Voice can their Fury controul,
Yet to the *White Staff* they hunt all under Pole.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

VI.

Crys the Huntſman, *B. H—y*, dear Whelps I'm a *Knave*,
But you're all ſov'reign Curs, and your Prince is your Slave;
This my Writings will prove ſtoll'n from *Prynn*, *Nye* and *Peters*,
That all free-born Dogs may fall on their *Betters*.
Then away on the Scent, 'tis the *old Game* and *good*,
While *Peers* have fat Haunches, and *Kings* Royal-Blood.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

VII.

A ſtout orthodox Doctor fell firſt in the Wind;
The Pack open'd their Throats, in hopes Mob would ha' join'd;
By a ſtrong paſſive Scent they run him full Speed,
'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *You're rank there. --Take heed*
What, o'er leap the Church-Pales, and break Conſtitution?
Here the Devil's your Leader, and you hunt for Confuſion!
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

VIII.

At the Head of a Pack, ſtupid *William* commanding,
Who's of Quality bred, by his deep Underſtanding;

If to dull worthleſs Whelps we may Titles afford,
His Merits confeſs him a Dog of a L—d;
Thoſe crafty old Curs, that deſpiſe the poor Tool,
Yet only for Luck Sake, they'll hunt with a Fool.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

IX.

There's *Wolf* rapacious, and *Bluſter* and *Thunder*,
And *Peter* the grim, and the late Sp—ker *Blunder*;
For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,
Tho' like *Monkeys* that climb, th' expoſe that Part bare;
And *Jackall* the ill-look'd, who trains up new Comers,
And ſtill comes in Seaſon, for his Wit comes from *S—ers*.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

X.

There's Blaſphemy *Jack*, that was ſtript by Oak Royal,
The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly loyal;
With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he croſs'd,
Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had loſt;
Now in Hopes of a Place, he ſtill yelps and im—ches,
Tho' this pert froward Cur oft himſelf over-reaches.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

XI.

There's *Hackum* and *Braſs*, for their deep Mouths renown'd,
Becauſe empty Sculls have a great Strength of Sound;

Send

Send *Hackum* to *Spain*, what great Feats he'll atchieve,
And it's Conduct enough to make Senates believe;
And young *Braſs* of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,
For he pays off a Cauſe as well as a Navy.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

XII.

How Honour and Honeſty Dogs can unite,
For their Country's Sake, they'll ſteal, plunder, and bite;
Themſelves and their Whelps they enrich for their Good,
And make Monarchs Great, by ſhedding their Blood;
Yet ſo eager for Gain — the white Staff take away,
They hunt dear *Vulpone* for a rank Beaſt of Prey.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

XIII.

Then *Tory*, poor *Tory*, never hope to prevail,
You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail;
Go learn to plead Conſcience, when you cheat, lie, and cant,
And plunder the Publick with the Looks of a Saint;
If you join the old Set, with new Principles fit ye,
Stick at nothing that's baſe, you'll be o'th' Committee.
Then to Horſe, loyal Hearts, leſt the Round-heads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.

A new Ballad.

To the Tune of the Blackſmith.

SInce Monarchs were Monarchs, it never was known,
That ſo little Power belong'd to a Crown,
Or that made by a Mob, they may ſo be pull'd down,
Which no Body dares deny.
How the People came by it, may ſeem ſomewhat odd,
But an orthodox Preacher by the Senate allow'd,
Has given them this Right, 'till now thought in God,
Which no Body, &c.
Says the *Rights* of the *Church*, and this *Teacher*, Mankind
Are to God and their King by Contract confin'd;
Which, if it be not mutual, never can bind,
Which no Body, &c.
Nay, ſuppoſing it ſo, and both Sides agreed,
Should the People repent, and demand to be freed,
Cry the Covenant's broke, and ſo cancel the Deed;
Which no Body, &c.
Of this new-reviv'd Doctrine, ſome ſtill were in Doubt,
By a Prelate Preacher ſo bandy'd about,
'Till the P———nt met, and have made in all out,
Which no Body, &c.
The H—ſe was but thin, and their Queſtions but few,
While the Money was giving, they'd nothing to do,
To ſtir up the People to chuſe them a-new,
Which no Body, &c.

Crys a Party-man ſlily, Pray where will this tend,
If a whole Winter-Se—ns ſo quietly end?
'Tis by Buſtle and Noiſe we gull Country Friend,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's a politick Parſon of late does pretend
To ſhew the Queen's Right from God does deſcend,
A miſchievous Doctrine, and very ill penn'd,
Which no Body, &c.

Let this be the Theme of our preſent Debate,
To humble ſuch Parſons, and not let them prate,
For the Bible has nothing to do with our St—e,
Which no Body, &c.

The Motion was lik'd, and they take ſpecial Care
To ſhew they deſign no Mortal to ſpare,
For as Patron to him, they arraign my *Lord M—r*,
Which no Body, &c.

He frighten'd, when t'other's in Cuſtody taken,
The Orders he gave, has wiſely forſaken;
So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the *M—r* ſav'd his Bacon,
Which no Body, &c.

But hold, crys a Member, I think we've all err'd,
'Cauſe the Man's a Fool, to ſtrike at the whole Herd,
And therefore to mend it, let's have one preferr'd,
Which no Body, &c.

The Queen can't refuſe ſuch a pious Addreſs,
She'll make him a Biſhop, ſhe can do no leſs,
For he raiſes the People, and her does depreſs,
Which no Body, &c.

The

The Party was mightily pleas'd with this Speech,
And vote (that all Parſons may learn how to preach)
This Man to promote, and the other impeach,
Which no Body, &c.

This loyal Reſolve is brought up to the L—ds,
To which the Majority ſtraitway accord,
And agree, that ſuch Principles ſhould be abhorr'd,
Which no Body, &c.

That for preaching this Doctrine he ſhould be paid Home,
To be try'd at the Bar of their H—ſe, he ſhall come,
Where for half of the *Co——s* they could not find Room,
Which no Body. &c.

Which the *Co-----s* debate, and at laſt give their Voice,
That *Weſtminſter-Hall* is the Place of their Choice;
For if done there in Form, 'twill make the more Noiſe,
Which no Body, &c.

The L—ds to this Matter gave no more Denial,
But Scaffolds erect for a more ſolemn Tryal,
That the Ladies, and C——s, and Folks may be by all,
Which no Body, &c.

To work in a Hurry Sir *Chriſtopher* falls,
And fetches his Men and his Boards from St. *Paul*'s;
I'm glad at my Heart they paſs'd clear by *White-hall*,
Which no Body, &c.

This Whim is to coſt us full three thouſand Pounds,
And the *Queen* is to hear on what Foot ſhe was crown'd,
Whether ſhe or the People, are like to get Ground,
Which no Body, &c.

But, Nobles, take Care you rue not the Hour,
When the Co———ns were thus put in Mind of their *Power*,
Impeaching a Thing that has made you look four,
Which no Body, &c.

The Weſtminſter *Combat.*

1.

'TIS odd to conceive what a War has been wag'd
Among the late C——ns of *Britain*,
Where Whigs and Low-flyers ſo hotly engag'd,
Good Principles ſoon to get rid on.

2.

They fought and did battle a certain Divine,
So furious in *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
That the Trophies and Triumphs from *Danube* and *Rhine*,
Hung ſhatter'd, and ready to fall.

3.

He preach'd, as 'tis ſaid, at the City's St. *Paul*,
With a wicked and vicious Intent
To ſtir up the People to break down the Walls
Of Peace and juſt Government.

4.

For not to reſiſt, you know is the Way
To deſtroy the Peace of the Nation;
And not to rebel, is truly to ſay
You ſpurn at true Moderation.

5. There-

5.

Therefore to prevent such a mischievous Blunder,
Which the Parsons so often commit,
The *Posse* is rais'd, and the C——ns out-thunder
New Votes to guard the Pulpit.

6.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high Crimes and Transgressi-
For preaching such damnable Things, (ons,
And the rest of the Order must hate all Expressions
Which encourage Obedience to K—s.

7.

And to suppress such a pestilent Notion
Which scandals the Rights of the People,
Their *Armies* are marshall'd, and now upon Motion,
To pull down the C——hes with Steeples.

8.

The first that assaulted, was valiant Sir *J*——,
A Warrier of famous Renown,
Who fir'd a Volley of Words without Mean,
Then trembling, sate himself down.

9.

Then *D*——*n*, his Second, quite out of his Reason,
To see the chief Art — such a Buffle,
With Lyon-like Rage, endeavours to seize on
The Doctor and's Cause in the Scuffle.

10.

The next that appear'd, was the learn'd Sir *P*——,
In Antiquity skilful and great,
Who pour'd such Charges that wounded much deeper,
But yet he was woundily beat.

11.

Then him to relieve, does *L——re* aſpire,
With *J——l*, a Judge in the *Weſt*,
Who bluſter'd and rav'd, and ſwore they would fire
The Doctrine, as well as the Prieſt.

12.

Lord *W——m* comes next, moſt nicely equipt
With Muſquet and Ball in his Hand;
But alas! of his Powder and Flint he was ſtript,
And therefore was put to a Stand.

13.

St——e impatient, no longer could bear
To ſee his own Troops diſappointed,
But ſtorms and diſcharges, and rattles i' th' Air
Againſt K—s, and all that's anointed.

14.

Then comes Mr. *C——r*, as Part of the Rout,
Well known in an eminent Cauſe,
And fights with his Friends moſt brave and moſt *ſtout*,
'Gainſt Loyalty paſſive, and Laws.

15.

But the fierceſt and keeneſt of all the Commanders
Was truſty Sir *T——s* of *D——y*,
Who Proweſs and Courage, ſurpriz'd the By-ſtanders,
Becauſe a C—— J—— was heard by.

16.

For *W——le* and *S——h*, and the reſt of the Clan,
Who the Doctor ſo bravely accoſted,
Their Exploits were ſo mean, and their Actions ſo vain,
That they all deſerve to be poſted.

17.

To these may be added another Brigade
Of B——ps and Temporal L—ds,
Whose *Weapons* were ready, whose *Speeches* were made,
Full charg'd, not with Sense, but with Words.

18.

These all with a Fury becoming their Zeal
For Liberty and Moderation,
Did fight, and were beat, their Arguments fail,
To the Pleasure and Joy of the N——n.

19.

The Doctor, whose Army was small, but surprizing,
Did totally them overthow;
They smote him i' th' Arse, but still his uprising
Is owing to that lucky Blow.

20.

The Mob of his Side, the Ladies appear
All over the Town in his Favour;
Which galls the poor M—rs hanging their Ear
Like *G—r---d*, or any false Brother.

21.

Dejected and scorn'd, they wander about,
Poor Wretches, forlorn and forsaken;
Upbraided and banter'd with Jeer and with Flout,
Because they were happ'ly mistaken.

22.

And may all the M——rs meet with such Chance,
And be laugh'd at in Country and Town,
Who so basely intend, and so rudely advance
To beat loyal Principles down.

An Elegy on the Death of John Dolben, *Esq; Manager in Chief at the Tryal of Dr.* Sacheverell. *By* Isaac Bickerstaffe, *Esq;*

WEEP, all you *Schismaticks*, since he is gone,
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Corner-Stone;
Republican-Schemes no longer hand about,
For Death in all your Shapes, will find you out.
Cannot the *M--n--g--rs* then rest at Ease,
But the grim Tyrant must disturb *their* Peace?
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before
Where *Dolben*'s gone, and so will many more.
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,
He finds his lov'd *Resistance* is in vain;
Passive-Obedience then he courts too late,
For *Death's* coersive Power has seal'd his Fate.
Thus, who 'gainst *Right Divine* most warmly strive,
Only for publick Instances of Justice live,
'Till Providence, prepar'd to shew her Power,
Cuts off the Boaster in a thoughtless Hour;
For he that his first Principles does quit,
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.
A Church-man's Son, that basely can resign,
For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows divine,
Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;
For that would be a Crime in any Power to give.
His sacred Sire would be asham'd to see
A Son of his contend 'gainst Royalty;

Much

Much more to ſee him pull the Mitre down,
And trample on the Honour of the Crown.
From ſuch a Father rarely it is known,
Was e'er produc'd ſo falſe and baſe a Son;
Falſe to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;
Falſe to his Friend, and falſe in ev'ry Cauſe.
The treach'rous Arts in Gaming firſt he lov'd,
Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;
From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,
And into *Chriſtian* modell'd them anew.
Now for a Stateſman he was well equipp'd,
Of Honour, Conſcience, and Religion ſtripp'd;
The Church and Church-men were a daily Jeſt,
And his Diverſion *roaſting of a Prieſt*;
But the ſweet Sauce that moſt regal'd his Taſte,
Was, a fat Penſion that he gain'd at laſt.
Weep then, ye friendly *Whigs*, his ſudden Fall,
But firſt repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;
Ere you the Fruits of Perſecution ſee,
And all the Effects of paſſive Loyalty,
Ere all true Church-men have addreſs'd the Throne,
And Duty from Diſloyalty be known,
The Mitre flouriſhing beneath the Crown.

His EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Member both of Church and State,
Who yet from neither did receive his Fate;
But making about both a mighty Pother,
Death nick'd him in a Trice, like a falſe Brother;
Nor gave him Time to ſay, Forgive me, Mother!

Take

Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,
Left for your Conſcience you too dearly pay.

The JUNTO.

AT dead of Night, when peaceful Spirits ſleep,
And undiſturb'd, a peaceful Sabbath keep;
When only Fiends their baleful Looks diſplay,
Impatient of Diſcov'ries from the Day,
The *Junto* ſate, in the *N——th——rian* Dome,
Studious of Miſchiefs, and of Ills to come.
The Preſident, as uſual, fill'd the Chair,
With ſerious Aſpect, and malignant Air,
Diſeas'd in Body, and *diſturb'd* in Soul,
The one as much unclean, as t'other foul.
On his right Hand was old *Vulpone* plac'd,
With Wealth, and ev'ry Thing but *Merit* grac'd:
A Man whoſe Arts, and undiſcover'd Wiles,
Had veſted him with wrong'd *Britannia*'s Spoils,
And whoſe all-powerful and commanding *Wand*,
Like *Aaron*'s, had diſtreſs'd and vex'd the Land.
The Manſion's *fluttering* Lord and Maſter next
Was on the Left on his Poſteriors fix'd,
And with a *grinning* Countenance ſurvey'd
What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were (laid
As he made Signs and Tokens all was ſafe
By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtleſs Laugh.

Near

Near him the Bully *Vice-Roy* cock'd his Hat,
And prattl'd like a Mountebank of State;
Of Feats he o'er the Herring-pond had done,
And Proſelytes to Mother-Faction won;
Of breaking thro' a ſolemn *Stipulation*,
And forcing *Conſciences*, by Way of *Toleration*.
Nor was there Se——ry from his *Poſt*,
Without his intermeddling, all'd be loſt;
A *Peer* to be deduc'd to future Ages,
For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages*;
For *Elzivers* and *Aldus*'s entire,
And being full as honeſt as his Sire.
The ſixth and laſt, was a preſumptuous Lord,
More fit for *College-Cruſts*, than *Council-Board*;
A *Pyrate* of a Peer, whoſe borrow'd Praiſe
Proceeds from others Schemes, and others Lays;
Since he now ſits in Senate's upper Houſe,
By *Murray*'s Projects, and by *Prior*'s Mouſe.

The Save-Alls.

WHile Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims
The loud Applauſe of undeſerving Names,
And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,
From *H—ly*'s Writings, and from *S———*'s Speech,
The Muſe, obedient to her Prince, ſhould riſe,
To bear tranſcendent Merit to the Skies;

And

And Truth's Defenders piouſly deduce,
From Time to Time, for future Ages Uſe.
O *Anna!* could'ſt thou but a while regard
Some Patriots Vows, and let their Prayers be heard;
Could'd thou but once thy gracious Favours deign
To Doctrines that ſupport thy glorious Reign,
B——s would not the ſacret Lawn diſgrace,
By preaching up Reſiſtance to thy Face;
Nor in thy C——t Republicans be ſeen,
To wrong their Country, and deceive their Queen;
But *R——er*, reſtor'd from his Diſgrace,
Would be thy D——ty in *W——n*'s Place;
And fam'd *S——ll* unſuſpended be,
Poſſeſs'd of ſome fat wealthy B——p's See.
Yet though for ſome Offences yet unknown,
Heav'n bears with ſuch as theſe too near the T——e;
Tho' Loyalty, for ſome Time, muſt give Place
To faithleſs Anarchy's triumphant Race,
And B——, to the Scandal of their Coat,
Againſt the Apoſtle's Exhortation vote;
As moſt of them, altho' the Cauſe is Heav'n's,
Have left the Church at *Sixes* and at *Sevens*,
Juſtice forbids that we ſhould Virtue wrong,
Or rob Religion's Champion of their Song,
Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have ſtood
Knaviſhly bold, and deſperately good;
And fearful of Prerogative's Invaſion,
Are juſtly ſtill'd, *The Save-Alls of the Nation.*
Such is the dauntleſs *York*, whoſe ſilver Hairs
Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years;

O

Of Poſt exalted, yet of humble Mind,
Studious of Good, beneficent and kind;
As meek as *Moſes*, and as *Joſhua* brave,
When call'd to ſuffer, or when call'd to ſave.
Fix'd on himſelf, immoveable and true,
He treads the Steps he bids us to purſue;
As undebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,
He ſtands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.
The ſame his Precepts which of old he taught,
From Reaſon and from Revelation brought.
His Language copious, and his Meaning ſtrong,
His Heart not inconſiſtent with his Tongue.
For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,
And *guiltleſs* as the Preacher he'd have *clear'd*.
Such *London* is, whoſe high deſcended Veins
Admit no Tincture of ſeditious Stains;
Loyal and juſt, as was his Sire, who fell
A Sacrifice to Treaſon and to Hell;
When Rebels their Allegiance durſt diſown,
And fought againſt their King, to guard his Throne.
Oh! had not one of this illuſtrious Blood,
Lately depa rted from the Paths he trod,
And mingl'd with a baſe malignant Herd,
To be of Offices of Truſt preferr'd,
What Family could more conſpicuous ſhine
In every Branch of its untainted Line?
Such *Durham*, whoſe inimitable Zeal
For Church and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;
Whoſe early Labours, and continu'd Care,
Add Luſtre to the Coronet and Chair;

And might more noble Sentiments infuſe,
Than what are now receiv'd amongſt the *Crews*.
Such *Rocheſter*, in whoſe unſhaken Breaſt
Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely reſt:
For unſuſpected Honeſty renown'd,
With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment crown'd;
His Thoughts ſurprizing, as their Senſe is ſound.
The Pride and Advocate of *Britain*'s Iſle,
As well as the Refiner of its Stile;
Whether in Verſe of * *Athens Plagues* he writes,
Or Treatiſes in nervous Proſe indites, (he bites.
Solemn when he harrangues, and ſprightly when
As happy Periods his Deſcriptions cloſe,
And Satyr, mix'd with Panegyrick, flows,
Whether he points at heavy † *Sorbier*'s Flegm,
Or make a ‖ *King's Society* his Theme.
Such *Bath* and *Wells* the raptur'd Muſe inſpires
With ardent Wiſhes, and with holy Fires;
With Vows which are inceſſantly preferr'd,
That ſuch a Life as his may long be ſpar'd;
May ſtill adorn the Mitre which he wears,
And teach his Breathren how to fill their Chairs;
The beſt of Prelates, and the beſt of Men,
A worthy Succeſſor to Biſhop *Kenn*:
Like him, by no Conſideration ſway'd,
To ſee his Flocks miſled, or Church betray'd;

Like

* *A Poem written by him.*
† *His Anſwer to a Journey to* England.
‖ *Hiſtory of the* Royal Society.

Like him, when Storms impending threaten'd bold,
So were the Paſtors of God's Church of old,
'Till Moderation made Devotion cold:
A Game trump'd up by Sectaries of late,
To veil their Malice, and diſguiſe their Hate.
Such *Cheſter* is, from whoſe unerring Quill
Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, diſtil;
As ſoft Perſwaſion dwells upon his Voice,
And plain inſtructive Doctrines are his Choice,
Atheiſts from his Diſcourſes Chriſtians turn,
And Proſelytes their vicious Actions mourn;
Unable their old Tenets to purſue,
When he lays ev'ry Sinner's Crimes in View;
Horror and Dread within their Breaſts inſtils,
And even ſaves their Souls againſt their Wills.
To read him truly, is to read his Life,
All of a Piece, and never known to Strife;
But when falſe Notions would take Place of true,
And old Opinions are laid by for new,
Then zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,
The youngeſt, not the meaneſt of the Six.

Advice to the Queen.

O ANNA! think, thou poor unhappy Queen,
How thou'rt ſurrounded by a vile Brood of Men;
Rebels to Monarchy, ſworn Foes to God;
Serpents and Vipers that would drink thy Blood;

Whoſe Principles took off thy Grandfire's Head,
And from whoſe Rage thy unhappy Father fled,
Forc'd in a foreign Land to beg his Bread.
And can'ſt thou warm theſe Snakes within thy Breaſt?
Are they alone to be with thy Favours bleſt?
Sure thou forget'ſt the former Hate they ſhow'd
To thee thy ſelf, as well as all thy Blood:
With what Deriſion they thy Perſon ſcorn'd;
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd:
Or do'ſt thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,
The Hearts of theſe thy Enemies do move?
Ah! thou miſtak'ſt, they're ne'er to be oblig'd,
Sun-ſhine does only give their Stings an Edge.
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,
Who all their Hopes with higheſt Favours crown'd;
Forgave their Puniſhment to Law they ow'd,
And in a thouſand Ways his Mercy ſhow'd;
Yet all in Vain; ſtill with obdurate Hate,
And reſtleſs Malice, they embroil'd his State;
Strove by unheard of Plots, his Life to gain,
And with eternal Diſcord fill'd his Reign.

Awake then, ANNA, and exert the Queen;
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign;
Diſcard the impious Race, whoſe Threats defy
Thy m——ck Power, and mock thy Majeſty;
Who thy hereditary Right dethrone,
And make thee a mere Puppet of their own,
At Will to ſet up, or be taken down:
Who, to diſpute thy lawful Orders, dare,
And judge for thee who ſhall thy Favours ſhare.

Not ſo they dar'd when Great *Eliza*'s Hand
The Scepter of theſe Kingdoms did command:
If her juſt Will a Subject diſobey'd,
She bravely ſtruck the Rebel Traytor dead.
Oh! that thou would'ſt her glorious Foot-ſteps tread,
Then might'ſt thou ſave thy now devoted ——.
Love, Mercy, Goodneſs, Piety, are thine;
Thou want'ſt but Courage, and thou'rt all divine;
Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cauſe will join.

Britiſh *Loyalty diſplay'd*:

OR,

The Church in Glory.

WHat a Pox ails the *W—s*, thus to trouble our Peace,
For the Crew from *Rebellion* here never would ceaſe.
'Tis true, whilſt Great *ANNA* in Glory does reign,
The Rights of our Church ſhe will ever maintain.
The true *Chriſtian Church* ſhe will always defend,
And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.
But yet our baſe Foes can't let us alone,
For they long'd for the Faction of damn'd *Forty-One*.
How now, my Lord *Wharton!* How came it about,
That you of *Sacheverell*'s Doctrine ſhould doubt?
O! the Pinacle's high where *Bow-Bells* do ring,
Here's a Health to *Sachev'rell*, and God bleſs the Queen.

We'll ſing and carouſe, and we'll heartily pray,
That the *Church* may ſtand firm for e'er and a Day.
We'll join theſe three Perſons, we'll put them in one,
For they're true to *Old England*, and true to the Crown.
So grant we may ſhun the unfortunate Fate,
Of murdering Monarchs in ſad *Forty-Eight*.
Then let the *Diſſenters* unto us give Ear,
For the *Church* loves the *Queen*, and the *Church* is her Care.

The Seven Extinguiſhers.

THE *Calve's-Head Brawny* C—— leads the Van,
Deſcended from a *Cameronian* Clan;
Out of whoſe loweſt Dregs he baſely ſprung,
Gifted with all the *Frauds* of *Heart* and *Tongue*;
And ſworn, like infant *Hannibal*, to bear
Eternal Hatred to the *Roman* Chair;
As he, in Life's moſt inauſpicious Dawn,
Renounc'd the *M*——*r*, and abjur'd the *L*——;
Tho' ſome Years ſince, the *M*——*r* broke his Oath,
And lives a *Burning Se*———*l* to 'em both.
If thoſe the worſt of Characters deſerve,
That from the ſacred Office meanly ſwerve,
And to the beſt of Churches give Offence,
Falſe to their *God*, their *Maſter*, and their *Prince*.
A *Quack-Divine* this *motly P*——— ſucceeds,
That more of *Galen*, than the *Bible*, reads;

That

That *Herbs* and *Plants*, inſtead of *Texts*, purſues,
A *Goſſip* for *Preſcriptions*, and for *News*;
As *he* from Houſe to Houſe for *Patients* ſtroles,
And kills their Bodies, who ſhould ſave their Souls;
While *he* the Pride of Contradiction ſtemns,
By preaching up the *Doctrines* he condemns;
And for a *new Tranſlation* in his Eye,
Takes Part with ſuch as *Goſpel-Truths* decry.

Room for a *Third*, who *Nature's Law* has taught,
And Orthodox Opinions held and wrote;
Tho' againſt *Nature* now we ſee him err,
By chooſing Schemes *Republicans* prefer;
Which Diſobedience to their Princes teach,
And thoſe that urge Allegiance Home, *impeach*.
Oh! let not our Diſgrace in *Gath* be told,
Nor *Askalon* its dire Remembrance hold;
From *Gallick* Ears th' important Truth detain,
And far be our Ingratitude from *Spain*;
Leſt *Philiſtines* (triumphant in our Shame)
Laugh at our *Factions*, and our *Feuds* proclaim;
Leſt *Britain's* Foe deride our civil Broils,
And Joy to ſee us caught in one another's *Toils*!
As *he* votes for *Reſiſtance* to the Queen,
To ſide with the *Aſſertions* of his D——n;
Who even *Royal Murther* dares applaud,
If *Kings* will not be by their *Subjects* aw'd:
A *P——ſt* that has to *Fr——n's Stall a Right*;
Tho' *C——'s* no *Succeſſor* for *White*.

Like him, the *Fourth Euſebia's* Cauſe forſakes,
And Speeches in Defence of *Calvin* makes;

A two

A two-Face P——, whoſe erected Look
Might well become the *Croſier* and the *Crook*,
Had he not lately in Defence aroſe
Of *Tenets* which the *Hierarchy* oppoſe,
And made fam'd *Alma Mater* bluſh to own
That ſhe had ſuch a *Father* of a *Son*;
Faithleſs when *Int'reſt* bids him ſhift the Scene,
And juſt as good a B—— as a D——n.

The *Fifth*, with ſanctimonious Viſage, draws
Plans to uphold the Breach of ancient Laws;
Whole Volumes againſt *Att——ry* writes;
Juſt ſo the Serpent, when the File ſhe bites,
And, as ſhe bleeds herſelf, in t'others Blood delights!
Strange Madneſs! in ſome *Writings* to maintain,
That a late King *unlimited* ſhould reign;
Should have no *Convocation* for his Guide,
But ſet its Meeting and its Uſe aſide;
When e'er that *Favo'rite Monarch* thought it fit,
Religion to *State-Reaſons* ſhould ſubmit;
And to lay down in others, that a Prince
Should not be abſolute in any Senſe,
As he admits the People to reſiſt,
And Subjects to commit what Subjects liſt;
Even when a wrightful Princeſs fills the Throne
By *God*'s (and not the *People*'s) Voice, her own;
And does ſuch Wonders for her Kingdoms Sake;
Sure he muſt be aſleep, and not awake!

The *Sixth* demurely tells the M——d B——,
He'is neither fam'd for Merit or for Senſe;

Yet

Yet he muſt hold and own it upon Occaſion,
That he that ſpeaks againſt the *Toleration*,
Acts moſt intolerably by the Nation.
For how ſhall ſuch as *he*, for *Truth* aſſert,
That Subjects from their Duty may depart?
May with *coercive Power* the *Throne* environ,
And rule their lawful King with Rods of Iron:
If Men ſhould other Arguments eſpouſe,
And he not ſpeak his Mind in *S——— Houſe*,
'Tis true, *the firſt Aſſertion* we admit,
And own the P—— void of *Worth* and *Wit*,
Hold with him that he's for a B———k unfit;
But muſt remind him with as grave an Air,
Such Doctrines ill become the ſacred Chair,
Leaſt what ſome *Revolutions* bring about,
Should turn an undeſerving B—— out;
And People may be giv'n to underſtand,
That he not taught, but learn from *S——*.
The *Sev'nth*, by far more modeſt than the reſt,
Has kept his Arguments within his Breaſt;
Not vented 'em thro' Country and thro' Town,
To ſhame the Clergy, and diſgrace the Gown:
As he St. *Auſtin*'s Precepts has obſerv'd,
Not to make others ſwerve from *Truths* he ſwerv'd;
Not but that his Voice has equally been giv'n,
To oppoſe and contradict the Voice of Heav'n;
And run down Maxims unconteſted long,
That *Princes cannot err*, or *Kings do Wrong*.
As *he* with others too obſervant, joins
To bring about *Republicans* Deſigns;

And

And *Pur-blind* in his Country's Cauſe, forbears
To ſee thro' their Pretenſions and their Snares,
As in the Church's Fall, *his* Fall muſt follow hers.

Oh! whither is the Church's Genius fled,
That reign'd when *Sancroft* rul'd it as its Head!
When *Kenn*, like *Moſes*, to *God*'s Will reſign'd,
Kept it unſhaken by the *Waves* and *Wind*:
When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* ſtrove,
Who ſhould the moſt diſplay paternal Love;
And by a ſtedfaſt Honeſty, declare
Their ſpotleſs Duty, and unwary Care!
Alas! its Beams are loſt in endleſs Night,
And *Faction*'s baleful Damps *extinguiſh Goſpel-Light.*

A Receipt to dreſs a Parſon *after the neweſt Faſhion; ſaid to be laid under Sir* P—— K——*'s Plate at a publick Entertainment, inſtead of a Bill of Fare.*

WHen you have a fat Parſon that's fleſhy and new,
For plain common Stomachs, bare * *Roaſting* will do.
But then for the Palate of ſome ſqueamiſh Members,
You muſt griddle or † *broil* him on Juniper Embers;
And

* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.*
† *Sir* Stephen Le——d's *Saying.*

And in order to make it more eaſy to paſs,
You muſt cut him and ſlaſh him firſt at the ‖*Cart's Arſe*.
If any one ſtill is more curiouſly fed,
The height of the Mode is to ‡ *boil him in Lead*;
And if you'll have ev'ry Thing anſwer Deſire,
With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.
When thus you have done, and are ready to ſup,
With Sippets of Whigs you muſt ſtrait diſh him up:
But ſtill, after all your Care in the Dreſſing,
Be ſure get a Pair of Lawn-Sleeves to crave Bleſſing;
And when you have done, without finding Fault,
Eat him up piping hot with Pepper or Salt;
If he doth not ſit eaſy, without any Queſtion,
A Dram of † *Geneva* may help the Digeſtion.
Nota bene, however, that when he is ſlic'd,
And ſalten, and beaten, and pepper'd, and ſpic'd,
As the wiſer *Italians* of Cucumbers ſay,
You had beſt, after all, to throw him away;
For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain Occaſion,
By moſt of the Can———ls of the whole Nation,
Dreſs him never ſo long, to make him the more fit,
Hell ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit;
For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,
Before he's digeſted, 'tis thought he will choak 'em.

A

‖ *Mr.* Buſ—n's *Saying.*
‡ *A* Devonſhire *Whig's Saying.*
† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in* Flanders *drink, inſtead of Brandy.*

A COPY *of Verſes written in a* Common-Prayer-Book, *preſented to a Lady in* 1644, *upon her building a* Cloſet *for her Books.*

SInce it has lately pleas'd our new-born State,
The *Common-Prayer-Book* t' excommunicate,
To turn it out of all, as if it were
Some grand *Malignant*, or ſome *Cavalier*;
Since in our *Churches* 'tis by them forbid
To ſay ſuch *Pray'rs* as our *Fore-fathers* did,
So that God's Houſe muſt now be call'd no more
The Houſe of Pray'r, tho' e'er ſo call'd before;
As if theſe Chriſtians were reſolv'd to uſe
That *Houſe* for *Merchandize*, or *publick Stews*,
Worſe than their Anceſtors, the *ſtiff-neck'd Jews*.
Since that of Pray'r 's of *Chriſt* may now be ſaid,
It wants a Place whereon to lay its Head;
I can't but chooſe t' admire your pious Care
To build your Cloſet for diſtreſſed *Pray'r*;
Which here in Mourning clad, preſents itſelf,
Begging ſome little *Corner* on your *Shelf*;
For ſince 'tis baniſh'd from all publick View,
There's none dare entertain't but ſuch as you.
How Times and Men are chang'd! Who would have thought
To've ſeen our *Service-Book* thus ſet at nought?
A Book worth Gold, if rightly underſtood,
Compos'd by *Martyrs*, ſealed with their *Blood*;

Onc

Once burnt by *Papists*, for no other Cause,
But that it was repugnant to their Laws;
Now by the *Zealots* 'tis condemn'd to die,
Because, forsooth, they think it *Popery*.
Thus then we see the Golden Mean despis'd,
And how 'twixt *Thieves*, like *Christ*, 'tis *crucify'd*.
Yet cease to wonder, we see stranger Things,
Kings are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects Kings*.
The meanest Sort, alas! usurp their Pow'r,
And th' *Upper House* is now beneath the *Low'r*;
The Head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*,
And thus we see the World turn'd upside down.
Now Learning does give Place to Ignorance,
And Statute-Laws to each wild Ordinance;
Religion to prophane, Rites, Vain-glory,
The Common-Pray'r-Book to a Directory.
No Man dares preach against Rebellion now;
Nor can we pray as we were wont to do.
All Things are in Disorder, and I fear
Are like to be, 'till we be as we were;
'Till Kings be Kings once more, and 'till we see
The Church enjoy her ancient Liberty;
'Till Bishops do return to end this Stir
'Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Presbyter*;
'Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,
And 'till Rebellion have its just Reward.
And that these Times shall come, we'll not despair;
For this and more may be obtain'd by Pray'r.

The Ghoſt's Admonition to the M——g——rs.

BEhold we're come from gloomy Shades below
To viſit you, and for to let you know
The ſad Diſaſters we have undergone,
Since laſt we parted at the *riſing Sun.*
'Twas there, you know, we undertook the Thing
To make *Cabalia* once above the Queen;
The *Church* we doubted not to ruin too;
But that, it ſeems, does overcome it is Foe,
And, I'm afraid, 'twill ruin you alſo.
Repent, I ſay, before 'tis too late,
Leaſt Vengeance overtake you in the State:
'Tis not your being Great, or Chief, will do,
If Death but ſummons, you muſt alſo go,
And leave behind you all your greateſt Glory:
Repent in Time, I ſay, it is beſt for ye.
There's many more are waiting, I do ſay,
For Honours great, ſo pompous and ſo gay;
But let me tell 'em, when they have got all,
Glory nor Riches will ſave you from a Fall:
Remember us, I'm ſure it is not long,
Since we were courted by the Wh——ſh Throng,
But now, 'tis true, the Dead we are among.
The Almighty's Hand is viſible, 'tis clear,
Upon two Roaſters and two *M—g—rs*:
Who would have thought ſuch jolly Men as we,
Should die ſo ſoon? You ſee 'tis Heaven's Decree

Muſt

Muſt be obey'd; and what is alſo true,
You all muſt follow in a Day or two.
Avoid thoſe Torments we do undergo,
We are not roaſted without baſting too:
Fire enough we cannot want, while here,
And Cups of Sulphur is our nobleſt Cheer;
No dainty Pullets crammed are with Gold,
Nor Lap-Trunks, which do many Guineas hold,
You won't find here, as you have done above;
All ſuch Temptations from us are remov'd:
And what does plague us, is *Sacheverell*,
The Thoughts of him torments our Souls in H—ll;
Oh! that we had but overcome that Foe,
We could endure our Torments Top to Toe;
But lack of this, it plagues us to the Soul,
While we in Flames of burning Brimſtone roul.
All this is nothing we would undergo,
Salting, Pickling, Baking, and Roaſting too,
If once the *Wh—gs* could overcome this Foe.
We are toſs'd and tumbl'd up and down again,
And down and up, we ſigh, alas! in vain.
Surely by this you will avoid our Fate,
All we can't tell, repent e'er't be too late:
May you eſcape, and eternally be free
From all ſuch Plagues and endleſs Miſery:
But hark, methinks we hear our Sentinel
Patrouling round our *Stygian* Lake of H—ll;
If he ſhould take us, we are all undone,
He may invent new Torments for each one;

Let us withdraw, we muſt retire in haſte;
Farewel, dear Friends, no Minutes loſe or waſte.
Thus down into our gloomy Orb we go,
Behold what we have got by ruining a Foe,
Eternal Miſery, and *endleſs Woe.*

A Litany for the Faſt.

FROM Merit unwieldy, and overgrown Worth,
From ſuch Honours and Loyalty, Faith, and ſo forth,
As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the fourth,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Duty that is ſuch a Rarity thought,
That while Honour and Conſcience, not worth a Groat,
This at the Price of a Houſe and Crown-Lands muſt be bought,
Libera nos, &c.

From who keeps the vacant Commiſſions ſix Months,
Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers and Seconds;
And oh! terrible thus is an Army at once,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Peace to be manag'd by ſuch Plenipo's
As thereby forty thouſand *per Annum* muſt loſe,
And who has no Paſſion for Money, God knows,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From the Cauſe of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd;
From Malice and Faction, Pride, Envy, and Fraud;
From a Cloven-Foot veil'd with a Petticoat-Lord,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Peſt of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,
Who a Nation does with their own Money enſlave,
And has damn'd more than thou in thy Juſtice can ſave, *Libera nos*, &c.

From tremendous Cabals, that do fatally riſe;
From enlightning Cuſtard and hot *Mutton-Pyes*,
To bubble the *State*, and bully the *Skies*,
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch Civil Law as inſults Holy Writ;
From the Number where Faction contracted does ſit,
Into five; that's two Fools, two Knaves, and a Wit,
Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults;
From an H---d of a City, whoſe *Word* goes for nought,
Who'll endeavour to ſave St. *Paul*'s Work, 'tis thought,
Libera nos, &c.

Dropt in the Houſe of C———

HOW? at the other B—r to try a Prieſt?
What? is your own Authority a Jeſt?
Try him your ſelves, like th' Rump, without more Words;
They that can make their Kings, can make their Lords.

On

On Mr. H——ly, *who ſays the People are ſupream Governors, and Monarchs are but their Miniſters.*

THere is a Man, ſome modern Whigs think fit,
Amongſt our loyal Biſhops rank'd to ſit;
A crippl'd Prieſt, whoſe *Intellects* are lame
As his *Supporters*, noxious is his Name;
Who gives each Topick that he treats, ſuch Touches,
As, like himſelf, muſt be upheld by Crutches.
A brave Defender of th' eſtabliſh'd Church
As ever left her Doctrine in the Lurch;
But I'm perſwaded ſuch a crooked Stick
Will never gain an *Engliſh* Biſhoprick:
And may they ne'er obtain our Sovereign's Favour,
That dare be guilty of ſuch rude Behaviour,
As to confront the Doctrine ſhe eſteems,
The only *Medium* free from all Extreams,
As he has done, as ev'ry Child can tell,
That boaſts in b'ing an *Anticheverell.*

———

Good

Good Advice, if rightly taken.

A Ballad.

WHAT ſtrange *Confuſion* at this Time
Throughout the *Realm* is ſeen,
And ſpread about in Proſe and Rhime,
God ſave our gracious Queen,
And ſend that we may once agree,
Before it be too late,
Leſt it do bring in Jeopardy
The *Church*, as well as *State!*
Good People all therefore take Care,
From *Heats* and *Malice* ceaſe:
And do not, by domeſtick War,
Obſtruct the *wiſh'd for Peace.*
But if ye'd have the *common Foe*
All *Europe* to enthral,
Go madly on, *as now ye do*,
And help the *faithleſs Gaul.*
For though our Troops break through *French Lines*,
And oft their Armies beat,
If we ceaſe not our *Strife* betimes,
We ſhall our ſelves defeat:
For who can empty Notions frame,
That he will tamely ſtand,
And not play out that *winning Game*
We deal into his Hand?

If

If ever happy Days ye'd see,
And *Liberty* enjoy,
Unite againſt the *Enemy*,
And don't your *ſelves* deſtroy.
By *in-bred Jars*, under Pretence
The *Church* is ſore oppreſt,
Since ev'ry Man of common Senſe
Knows that is but a jeſt.
What is't can hurt the *Church*, I trow,
When ſhe has ſuch a Head
As pious *Anna*, who, we know,
Was in her *Boſom* bred,
And will ſupport thoſe *lawful Rights*
Which to her appertain,
In ſpight of all thoſe *reſtleſs Wights*,
Who'd cramp her happy *Reign*.

The Whigs Idol:

OR,

The new-faſhion'd Loyalty.

WHEN cruel *Nero* over *Rome* bore Sway,
To him the Chriſtians did Obedience pay;
Tho' he was cruel, yet they all did chuſe
Their Goods, their Lives, whate'er they had to loſe,

Rather

Rather than lift their Hands againſt the King,
Or to his Foes the leaſt Aſſiſtance bring.
They knew the Goſpel gave a ſtrict Command
'Gainſt God's Anointed not to lift an Hand:
Had not the Lord commanded it, 'tis plain,
They'd not have tamely ſeen their Fellows ſlain:
Had they rais'd Arms, ſo num'rous were they grown,
They could the Tyrant with great Eaſe dethrone;
Yet they choſe rather to be brave and good,
And ſeal their Saviour's Doctrine with their Blood.
But Liberty and Property's now grown
The only Darling of the Town,
And under this Pretence they dare rebel,
If Kings in their Opinion rule not well;
For they to him did give the ruling Place,
He's no King by God's, but by the People's Grace.
Thus, tho' a King by Birth comes to his Throne,
Yet they pretend 'tis they that give the Crown,
And think Obedience due to them alone.
The loyal Man was once accounted brave,
But now he's call'd a falſe perfidious Knave.
Now to be brave, one muſt a Rebel be,
And throw aſide neglected Loyalty.
Would you Preferment gain in C——h and S——e,
Uſe Pen and Tongue 'gainſt both to write and prate;
For Loyalty is now become a Crime,
He's a Time-ſerver does not ſerve the Time:
Chriſt's Doctrines now are wholly ſet at nought,
And, in their Room, Man's vicious Fancies taught.

They

They cry, St. *Paul* did never underſtand
The Conſtitution of the *Britiſh* Land;
As if the Goſpel-Precept muſt give Way,
And Truth divine muſt human Laws obey.
At this Rate, in few Years we then ſhould find
The Bible made to ſpeak each Rebel's Mind;
Like an old Suit, which has ſome Time been wore,
The Scriptures we ſhould ſee turn'd out of Door,
And this Religion be, that was a Crime before.

The Rary-Show, lately brought from the flaming Iſle of Modoration, *all alive.*

GOOD People all, both Low and High,
Unto my Rary-ſhow draw nigh;
For 'tis a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty,
Nor long, nor ſhort, nor dull, nor witty.
It has no Beginning, and has no End;
'Tis crooked all over, yet cannot bend;
'Tis ſtrait, in a Lump, without Tail or Top;
'Tis full of all Points, yet has no Stop;
'Tis a mingle Come-pur of all together,
And fitted for fair, or for foul Weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your Places,
And ye pale Nymphs, with fiery Faces;
Within this Booth you have in View
A black white Monſter cloath'd in Blue.

He's

He's neither wild, nor is he tame,
From *Moderation* Isle he came.
In foreign Court he hath been shown
With great Applause, yet lik'd by none;
On Horseback, with his Staff in Hand,
He walk'd from *Dort* to *Switzerland*;
Did *Calvin* at *Geneve* profess,
And when at *Rome*, did say the Mass.
No *Nazarite*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*;
Of ev'ry Sort that comes in View.
He holds all Creeds, and none at all;
He worships God, and bows to *Baal*.
With all, and none, he stuffs his Pack,
And carr's and brings the Devil back;
And if you'd know his Name, 'tis G—— S——y,
Of bending Brow and pinking Eye;
He's neither young, nor is he old;
He bauls all Day, yet cannot scold;
He speaks no Truth, yet tells no Lie;
He hath Reserves for Perjury.
A Champion for the Church's Cause,
Yet ties her Right to human Laws;
Postpones the Prince's Birth Divine,
And equals *Noll*'s to *Steuart*'s Line.
With Courage bold, as I have heard,
He lately took St. *Paul* by's Beard;
And whatsoe'er he talk'd before
In Pulpits, or to Courts had swore,
(As teaching Subjects to obey)
His *Revolution* took away.

For

For in a long compendious Speech,
(With which he might have wip'd his Br——h)
He Caſes and Diſtinctions found,
Which Ages paſt laid under Ground,
That if Queen *Anna* rules not well,
Then, in ſuch Caſe, we may rebel.
Next on the *Derviſes* did fall,
And Hip and Thigh he did 'em maul;
No *Atheiſt*, *Jew*, or ſcoffing *Turk*,
But would have ſcorn'd ſo vile a Work;
Not *Julian*, nor *Calvinian* Foes,
Could more the Chriſtian Prieſts expoſe.
All this he rav'd! and more than this,
At which, they ſay, the Court did hiſs:
But leaſt you doubt what's ſaid, is true,
Pray aſk himſelf, he comes in View.

The Duke of Beaufort's *new Toaſt to the Citizens of* London.

THE Queen, God preſerve, Heav'n's pious Vicegerent,
With her Right to the Crown, in her Birth is inherent,
The Church in this Kingdom eſtabliſh'd by Law,
That the true Faith may keep all falſe Worſhips in Awe.
And may Heav'n pour the choiceſt of Bleſſings divine
On her Proteſtant Heirs of the *Hanover* Line.

To a Parliament next let a Bumper go round,
That will act in Concert with theſe Principles ſound.
To a Miniſtry that from their Duties won't ſtart,
But join in our Wiſhes with Hand and with Heart.
To a happy and laſting Enjoyment of Peace,
That our Taxes may fall, and our Trade may increaſe.
To this City's particular flouriſhing State,
That its Actions may riſe, and its Factions abate.
To the Nation in gen'ral, whoſe Welfare we prize,
And all good Men hold much more dear than their Eyes.
To its Grandeur let no Man refuſe to take this,
But each Native, like us Boys, *Huzza*, and cry *Yes*.

The Impeachment.

A *Nightingale*, whoſe warbling Tongue
Had charm'd his Hearers with his Song,
As all the Beaſts, and all the Birds,
Suck'd *Hony* from his melting Words,
That ſweet as what from *Hybla* flows,
Or the Bee gathers from the *Roſe*,
Might win upon the niceſt Taſte,
Was cag'd for ſome Expreſſions paſt,
That ſeem'd too zealous and too warm
For one that ne'er intended Harm.

This Bird and that, in each one's Station,
Harangu'd upon his Accuſation,

And from the Premiſes deduc'd
Concluſions that were never us'd,
'Till forc'd and far-fetch'd *Innendo's*
Quite run a-ground *ſe Defendendo's*;
For which a certain *Eagle* loſt,
Some Years before, his regal Poſt.
But yet, whatever could be ſaid,
Or Allegations for him made,
He was adjudg'd ſome Time to come,
To practiſe Silence, and be dumb;
Leſt he too high ſhould ſwell a Note,
And above *Ela* ſtretch his Throat.
At this, a *Bullfinch*, who foreſaw
What would come of this Breach of Law,
And to the moſt experien'd Senſe
Had join'd the Force of Eloquence,
Cry'd out, 'What Songſter now ſhall dare
'To captivate the liſt'ning Ear?
'To drive away the Cares of Life,
'And into Friendſhip ſoften Strife,
'If thoſe offend that uſe ſuch Strains,
'And muſt be cenſur'd for their Pains?
He ſpoke, and inſtantly was join'd
By Birds of ev'ry Sort and Kind;
As from all Parts the feather'd Race
Came ſorrowing for this Convict's Caſe,
And to the *Engle's* Throne apply'd
For her Compaſſion on his Side,
And to change Hands with thoſe, whoſe Luſt
Of Power had into Places thruſt,

The *Bats* and *Owls*, who, Birds of Night,
Deny'd Hereditary Right.
The Royal *Eagle* in her Breast
First weigh'd by whom she was addrest,
The Reasons why they made Complaint,
And the Injustice of's Restraint;
Then wisely gave Command, that those
Who had been his invet'rate Foes,
No longer should be seen at Court,
Or to her Palaces resort;
But order'd, in their stead, the *Thrush*
Should leave his *Bramble* and his *Bush*,
And *Larks* and *Linnets*, and the rest
That Innocence in *Fields* expreſt,
From their belov'd Retreat should come,
And charm her in her royal Dome.
They bless'd the Voice that spoke, and came,
All o'er Obedience, to the Dame;
When all the Birds, with one Accord,
Own'd Justice to its Seat restor'd,
And Acclamations upwards sent,
To give their Satisfaction Vent.
And thenceforth *Singing-Birds* alone
Were suffer'd to come near the Throne,
And all the *Bats* and *Owls* withdrew
To lurking Holes from human View.

High-Church Loyalty. A Song.

YE Whigs and Diſſenters, what would you have done?
Ne'er think of reſtoring your old Forty-One.
Then fill up a Bowl, fill it up to the Brim;
Here's a Health to all thoſe who the Church do eſteem.

We know the Pretence you for Liberty baul;
But had you your Will, you'd deſtroy Church and all.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

Let us join Hand in Hand, and we'll heartily pray,
That the Church may ſtand faſt for e'er and a Day.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

Old *England* is true to the Queen and the Crown,
Whilſt the Whigs wou'd the Mitre and Surplice pull down.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

While the Phœnix ſtands up, and Bow-Bells loud ring,
Here's a Health to *Sacheverell*, and God bleſs the Queen.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To the pious good Biſhops of *London* and *York*,
And the reſt of the Patriarchs that join'd in the Work)
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To thoſe true High-Church Lords let a Bumper go round,
Who ſtood by the Church, and defended the Crown.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To *Harcourt* and *Philips*, thoſe learned in Laws,
Dod, *Henchman*, and *Dee*, who defended his Cauſe.
Come fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

A Health to thoſe Members too can't be deny'd,
Who loyally ſpoke againſt having him try'd.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

But let Faction and Shame his Foes all confound,
Whilſt the Church, and *Sacheverell*, and *ANNA* go round.
Fill, fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

A Caution to the Whigs.

COuld you at laſt a Commonwealth obtain,
Vain reſtleſs Whigs, what could you hope to gain?
By dear Experience you would quickly ſee
Your own Deſtruction in the Monarchy;
For ſhould your Crimes and ours ſo far ſucceed,
That *Britain* under lawleſs Pow'rs ſhould bleed,
You'd quickly find (believe it) to your Coſt,
That all your long rebellious Toil was loſt;
Each Faction ev'ry Faction would ſuſpect,
And ev'ry Sect fall out with ev'ry Sect;
The Gown and Sword would impious Merit boaſt,
Who firſt betray'd their Prince, and who the moſt;
Commons with Lords would curſedly contend,
Who to the Cauſe had been the greateſt Friend;
Your canting Prieſts, whom you had mounted high,
Would preach you damn'd, and your vile Pow'r defy;
Your meaneſt Tools, blown up with factious Pride,
Would on your ſervile Necks inſulting ride;
The Mob, tho' once your Creatures, would grow rude,
And on your vile Prerogative intrude;
Your Patrons would their wicked Truſt betray,
Or elſe ſet up for arbitrary Sway,
Or leave you to your ſelves, to be each other's Prey;
Ruins and Tumults would this Iſle engage,
'Till halting Vengeance overtook the Age,
And your wild Factions, weary'd into Reſt,
Reclin'd you on your rightful Monarch's Breaſt.

The

The Diſſenters Triumph; or, the Rebuilding and Furniſhing Dr. Burgeſs's Meeting-House.

To the Tune of the Scotch Wedding.

DEar Siſters, come ſee you how fine
The Doctor's new Meeting is grown,
The delicate Ornaments ſhine
Far more bright than ever was known.
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burgeſs *himſelf will declare*
A ſanctify'd Tale of old Hughſon,
With a canting old Oliver's *Prayer.*

You will ſee it's fairly rebuilt,
The like it was never before,
The Saints have contributed Guelt;
'Tis finer than *Babel's* Whore.
Then let us, &c.

We have bought a Committee-man's Chair,
'Twill ſerve the old *Burgeſs* to ſit in,
And if he ſhould befoul it through Fear,
We'll waſh it, and that is but fitting.
Then let us, &c.

An old Pair of Bellows we've bought,
The Leather was *Oliver*'s Lungs,
They were from the Rump-Parliament brought,
With a Pair of Fanatical Tongs.
Then let us, &c.

We've bought him a large Pair of Stools,
One three corner'd, t'other ſcarce round,
Between them two, as it is ſaid,
The Rump had a Fall to the Ground.
Then let us, &c.

We've bought him a delicate Table,
The Leaf it is good Heart of Oak,
The Legs are of tottering *Babel*,
With a Carpit cut out of his Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A large Broom of old Reformation,
To ſweep this new Meeting-Houſe Floor;
It has dragg'd much Wealth from the Nation,
And ſtill it is coveting more.
Then let us, &c.

We have bought him a Lanthorn likewiſe,
Which is to the Meeting-Houſe brought,
By which you may find, without Lies,
Strange Matters that never was thought.
Then let us, &c.

And there's an old Leather Saddle,
Which uſually carry'd the Nation,
With an old canting Preſbyterian Bridle,
And a Budget of Diſſimulation.
Then let us, &c.

And there is the Rump's old Breeches,
Which *Hughſon* and *Bradſhaw* beſpoke,
Altho' they be crack'd in the Stitches,
They're lin'd with old *Oliver*'s Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A comical Pulpit is made,
Old *Burgeſs* won't preach in a Tub,
With Cant it is well over-laid,
And a Deſk for his Bottles of Bub.
Then let us, &c.

There's the Pictures of Bodkins and Whiſtles,
Which the Wenches brought in for the Cauſe.
Next *Hughſon* with Pinchers and Briſtles,
And his Acts of undounted Applauſe.
Then let us, &c.

Our Pews are like Coblers Stalls,
As plain as the Noſe in your Face,
Excepting a few of old Awls
Of *Hughſon*, to give them a Grace.
Then let us, &c.

There's a Sconce which is made of new Braſs,
Where *Burgeſs* may ſee his own Face,
The which for that Metal might paſs,
Should Rebellion and Miſchief take Place.
Then let us, &c.

Next Sunday you'll certainly have
The Doctor there hot and devout;
You'll find like a Fury he'll rave,
And bang the old Cuſhion about.
Then let us, &c.

Sweet Siſters, without all Diſpute,
His Cuſhion he'll bitterly thump,
And chuſe you a Text that may ſuit
With Anarchy and the old Rump.
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burgeſs *himſelf will declare*
A ſanctify'd Tale of old Hughſon,
With a canting old Oliver's *Prayer.*

A humour-

A humourſome Ditty to Dr. Sacheverell's *Back-Friends.*

To the Tune of A Soldier and a Sailor.

A Bayliff and a Boat-Man,
With a Badge upon his Coat, Man,
Which he had row'd with far, Sir,
As any a jolly Tar, Sir,
That ply'd at *Whitehall*-Stairs,
Had once a Diſputation,
In ſettling of the Nation,
And made a mighty Do, Sir,
In knowing who was who, Sir,
And talking of Affairs.

The Bayliff ſwore ſincerely,
He lov'd the Church moſt dearly;
And t'other did excel, Sir,
For fam'd *Sacheverell*, Sir,
Which introduc'd the Strife.
At which the rough Tarpawling
Huzza'd, and made a Hollowing,
By crying, you're a Whig, Sir,
Altho' you talk ſo big, Sir,
And dare not wage your Life.

When *Done* and *Done* was ſpoken,
A ſure and certain Token

That

That they were both agreed, Sir,
To do ſome mighty Deed, Sir,
For the good Doctor's Sake;
And forward they proceeded,
With Mutineers each headed,
Encouraging the Mob, Sir,
To pull down, burn, and rob, Sir,
And Houſes open break.

Both hop'd, by this Behaviour,
To gain the Doctor's Favour;
But they his Words miſtook, Sir,
And reckon'd without Book, Sir,
Which laid down other Rules:
For Texts of Non-Reſiſtance
Would give 'em no Aſſiſtance,
And both ſtrong Priſons got, Sir,
When taken on the Spot, Sir,
And thither went like *Fools.*

To the guilty B—ps.

FOR Shame, ye doating Fools, for Shame be wiſe;
Shake off your Lethargy, and ope your Eyes.
What, will you ſilent ſit, and tamely ſee
Hell's Engineers ſubvert your Prelacy?
The Church's Danger though you would not own,
Nor fear the ſecond Part of Forty One,

Yet let your own Security prevail,
Which loudly calls for timely Aid of all;
For the same Power that pulls *Sachev'rell* down,
Will first your Mitre seize, and then the Crown.
But why, alas! why do I speak to you,
False to your God, and to your selves untrue?
Go, bravely break your Sacerdotal Test,
And all turn Chaplains to the Calve's-Head Feast.
See poor *Sachev'rell* sacrific'd thro' Hate,
The certain Harbinger of your own Fate;
Like *Laud*, the dire Fore-runner he'd become,
Had not your Sov'reign stopt th' intended Doom.

Accrostick.

WHIG's the first Word that swells his odious Name;
Hypocrisy's the second, good Mens Shame;
Anarchy is the third, his chiefest Aim;
Rebellion is the fourth, and *restless Faction*;
The Life, in the fifth Place, of ev'ry Action:
Old Noll's the sixth, by whose Example taught,
No Man has more of Mischief lately wrought.

Moderation unmask'd.

E'ER *Noll* did 'gainſt his pious Prince rebel,
And drew his Sword in the Defence of Hell;
When Man's chief Aim was to be great and good,
By *Moderation* then was underſtood,
In all Conditions ſtill to be content
With whatſoever Providence has ſent,
And not o'ermuch to grieve, pine, or lament:
To uſe a Medium in our Drink and Meat,
Not ſwill like Swine, nor yet like Gluttons eat:
To wear Apparel ſuiting to their State,
In which they're placed by the Hand of Fate;
Not ſtriving the more wealthy to out-ſhine,
Or, like the Great, ſplendid to go and fine;
But to be dreſs'd as does become their Trade,
Cloaths not to their Fancy, but their Pockets made.
This was the *Moderation* us'd of Old,
When Virtue more eſteemed was than Gold.

But modern Preachers other Things do teach,
And a new fangl'd *Moderation* preach,
Tho' you curſe, ſwear, talk lewdly and profane,
Drink 'till you're drunk, eat 'till't return again,
Still you may be a downright mod'rate Man.
By *Moderation* they ſay's underſtood,
To be mod'rately honeſt, mod'rately good.
You ſhould not be ſo honeſt and ſo juſt,
As to be always faithful to your Truſt;

Nor let your *Zeal* your *Int'reſt* e'er betray,
But let your *Profit* ſtill your *Conſcience* ſway.
Be ſure to pleaſe the Company you're in;
If Rakes, commend each luſcious taking Sin;
But if to Piety inclin'd they are,
Put on a ſober and a modeſt Air:
Be *Jew*, be *Turk*, be *Infidel*, or *Papiſt*,
Be witty *Deiſt*, or a thoughtleſs *Atheiſt*;
Be any Thing, and turn to any Side,
Move with the Wind, ne'er ſtrive againſt the Tide:
Always take Care with Rakes to roar and rant,
And with grave Puritans to whine and cant.
But if you're with a mixed Company,
To paſs your Judgment any Way, deny;
Yet, if at laſt they will not be content,
'Till you on their Diſcourſe give your Judgment,
Tell one his Opinion's good, t'other argues well;
Thus praiſe both, but the Faults of neither tell.
This is the Way to cauſe all Feuds to ceaſe,
And through the Nation ſpread a gen'ral Peace:
None e'er contradict, tho' they deny
The Truth, but in ev'ry Thing comply.
This is the Doctrine that their Doctors teach;
This the Divinity their Canters preach:
And could they gain their Ends, we ſoon ſhould ſee
In Church and State, nothing but Anarchy.
Looſe would Religion ſit, like upper Coat,
To keep or change, to pleaſe a major Vote.
To Day we ſhould be *Jews*, to Morrow *Atheiſts*,
Next Day *Mahometans*, and next Day *Papiſts*.

Thus we at laſt ſhould each Opinion try,
And like ſome modern B——s, ſhould deny
To Day, what Yeſterday preach'd ſtrenuouſly.

The Time-ſerver.

WITH a Phiz that is grave, and a ſanctify'd Face,
He'll receive the Communion, in Hopes of a Place;
He'll ſwear to the Queen to be truſty and loyal,
But will give her the Slip, if it comes to the Tryal:
He ſwears from the Church he never will range;
Yet, Weather-Cock like, with the Wind he will change;
Be Diſſenter to Morrow, tho' Church-man to Day,
And, as it ſuits beſt, unſwear and unſay.
But aſk him his Reaſon why his Faith he'll thus vary,
Or not rather on this Side, or elſe on that tarry?
He'll preſently anſwer, he loves *Moderation*,
That bleſs'd noble Virtue ſo lately in *Faſhion*.
What, I'll warrant, ſays he, you're one that will burn,
Or be hang'd for Religion, before you would turn;
Like the Martyrs of Old, thoſe hot-headed People,
Who were conſtant and true to the Church and the Steeple,
The rather than turn, they'd ſtand fiery Tryal,
And Tortures and Torments would laugh and defy all:

But the Learn'd in this Age far wiſer are grown,
Who, for Int'reſt Sake, will any Church own;
To Day they'll preach that will pleaſure the Time,
And to Morrow that Doctrine they'll tell you's a Crime.
Thus Fire, Rope, and Wreck, they prudently ſhun,
And to ſave their own Bacon, about they will turn.

A Satyr on the Times, addreſs'd to all the Patrons of the good Old Cauſe.

WHat frantick Madneſs has poſſeſs'd Mankind,
And made their Judgment lame, and Reaſon blind?
Who can be ſilent? What Man can refrain,
And ſee ſuch monſtrous Contradictions reign?
Alas! that B——— ſhould ſo baſely vote
Againſt thoſe Doctrines they themſelves have wrote;
That they the Church they ſhould defend, deny,
And prove themſelves Low-Church-Men, tho' ſo high.
Thus they to Dangers great do her expoſe,
By ſiding and contending for her Foes,
When they the Church ſhould ſuccour and defend,
When dire Convulſions do her Bowels rend.
'Twas this *Sacheverell* prudently deſcry'd,
And boldly preach'd up for the Church's Side;
For when with Wars Abroad we are moleſted,
And with *falſe Brethren* at Home infeſted,

Againſt 'em both our Vigour we ſhould ſhow;
Both are to Church and State an equal Foe.
While one with hoſtile Arms their Forces join,
The other ſecretly do undermine;
And Men of Title and Eſteem in Court,
By wicked Means the wicked Cauſe ſupport,
Do, tho' they're bound to guard the State and Church,
For their own Int'reſt, leave 'em in the Lurch.
To what Extremities the Nation's run,
Not much unlike the Days of Forty One,
When with Contempt they trampled on the Laws,
To farther and advance the Good Old Cauſe;
When they the Church and Monarchy pull'd down,
To raiſe the canting Cloak above the Crown,
In the Lord's Name they mighty Wonders did,
Which they would act again, but God forbid.
Then let us of ſuch Wolves in Time beware,
Who in Sheeps Cloathing ſlily do appear.
Whoe'er they be, their Works will plainly ſhow,
As by the Fruit it bears, the Tree we know;
Yet, Thanks to God, ſome honeſt Men remain,
Who ſtedfaſt their Integrity remain;
Some conſtant to the Church and State are found,
While ſome Rebellion from the Pulpit ſound.
And now the happy Days begin to ſhine,
No Doubt directed by a Hand Divine;
And now the Church, which militant has been,
We hope will triumph with our gracious Queen.

The Thankſgiving.

IN Sounds of Joy your tuneful Voices raiſe,
And teach the People whom to thank and praiſe.
Thank prudent *Anna*'s providential Reign
For Peace and Plenty both of Coin and Grain:
Thank the *S——h* Peers for your unbought Union:
Thank B——ps for Occaſional Communion:
Thank the Stock-Jobbers for your thriving Trade:
Thank juſt *G——in* that all Debts are paid:
Thank *M——*'s Zeal, that ſcorn'd the proffer'd Treaty;
But thank *Eugene* the *French-men* did not beat ye:
Thank your own ſelves, if you are tax'd and ſhamm'd;
But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.

Upon the burning of Dr. Burgeſs's Pulpit.

INvidious *Whigs*, ſince you have made your Boaſt,
That you a Church of *England* Prieſt would roaſt,
Blame not the Mob for having a Deſire
With Preſbyterian Tubs to light the Fire.
A Mob's abhorr'd by all, and juſtly too,
Tho' rais'd againſt ſuch Miſcreants as you,
Whoſe threat'ning Tongues began the Fray, and rue.
And now you curſe and damn the ſilly Elves
For Miſchiefs you brought only on your ſelves;

And

And ought to ſwing too, if the Law can reach 'em,
For practiſing Doctrines your *Canters* teach 'em.
You give 'em all the Pow'r, and then would hang 'em
For pulling down your Houſes, that's a Trangum.

Upon the burning of Dr. Sacheverell's *Sermons.*

WHAT is become of the old Oath of Allegiance,
When you puniſh your Paſtors for Paſſive Obedience?
You firſt burn his Sermons, the Homilies next;
For all the Homilies agree with his Text.
If things are thus manag'd, it may be poſſible,
That the next Burnt-Off'ring will be the *Bible.*
The Prelate refuſing to come to his Tryal,
In my Opinion is St. *Peter*'s Denial.
Six Biſhops were for him, but ſeven more wiſe,
Have ſav'd their own Bacon in Low-Church Diſguiſe,

The

The Tryal and Sentence in Poland.

By N. F. *Gent.*

HOW does it conſiſt with the Oath of Allegiance,
To puniſh the Teacher of Paſſive-Obedience?
Why ſhould not the Homilies, teaching the ſame,
Along with the Sermon ſubmit to the Flame?
This fiery Preſident makes it poſſible,
The next Burnt-Offering may be the Bible.
No Example ever was given by Chriſt,
To burn a Sermon, or ſilence a Prieſt.
The *Marionite* Prophets, who lately pretended
Divine Inſpiration, were better befriended.
Now Paſſive-Obedience is left in the Lurch,
And ſaucy Reſiſtance abides in your Church.
For Int'reſt ſhe preaches Obedience to Day,
To Morrow ſhe teacheth us to diſobey;
To ſwear and unſwear, aſſert and diſown,
Addreſs and betray both the Church and the Crown.
For theſe Contradictions ſhe has an Evaſion,
By calling Expulſion a free Abdication.
She murder'd the Father, diſhonour'd the Mother;
Beheaded the one, and now burnt the other.
How comes it to paſs that ſhe imitates thoſe
Jeſuitical Maxims ſhe ſeems to oppoſe?
Magdalen was (with the reſt of her Siſters)
Lately debauch'd by her holy Miniſters.

Six Prelates for High C—h, and ſeven for Low,
At Sixes and Sevens Religion doth go.
A Clergy divided in Points of Salvation,
Diſfigure the Church, and diſtemper the Nation.
The Prelate abſenting himſelf at the Tryal,
Reſembles the Picture of *Peter*'s Denial:
But when the Cock crew, then *Peter* repented;
Now Preſbyter crows, but is not reſented.
Thus (when the late Martyr had need of their Votes)
They ſneak'd, or abſented, or alter'd their Notes;
And tamely permitted that King's Decollation,
As now this Combuſtion and late Toleration.

The Narrative.

When ſov'reign Commons Princes made
To rule by them, not be obey'd;
When Churches with, as without Steeple,
Preach'd up Reſiſtance in the People,
One Prieſt, by Chance, was incoherent,
And taught the Queen was God's Vice-gerent.
The Commons vote, that Heav'n nor ſhe
Should arrogate their Sov'reignty;
Impeach the ſaucy Inſolent,
That durſt the odious Doctrine print
Of Scandal, Faction, Crimes ſo high,
Some thought they reach'd to Blaſphemy;

Maliciouſly

Maliciously t' assert that Power,
The Queen's, which they but lent unto her,
And could resume when e'er they wou'd,
In Spight of either her or G—d.
The Peers, not her, as by old Laws,
Were Judge and Jury of the Cause;
And a huge Scaffold, what the Cost is,
The Queen best knows, was Court of Justice;
Perhaps intended, in Conclusion,
To serve as once for Execution:
Whither poor *Anna* trudg'd from *Whitehall*,
To hear her Subjects try her Title,
Sate weeping on the tott'ring Throne,
And made *Sacheverell*'s Case her own.
The ancient Fathers, great and small,
From good St. *Jerome*, up to *Paul*,
Did justify the Criminal.
Nay, Christ himself, 'twas made appear,
Taught the same Principles, when here.
But nothing could acquit the Priest,
Nor Father *Paul*, nor *Jesus Christ*;
The Doctrine was too plain and true,
And inconsistent with their new;
Besides, did Deeds of theirs arraign,
Which they would practise o'er again;
But in respect to spotless Lawn,
They'd not unfrock their Brother Gown,
Nor fine, nor pill'ry, nor imprison;
The Sermon only smelt of Treason;

Therefore

Therefore this wiſe Reſolve they took,
To ſpare the Doctor, burn the Book.
Look to the Goſpel, *Paul* and *Jeſus*,
Sacheverell's Sermons do diſpleaſe us:
He copy'd you, was your Diſciple,
Your Turn's then next, they'll burn the Bible.

On burning Dr. Sacheverell's *Sermon.*

NO! ſacred Pages, never more repine,
Tho' ſacrific'd to Faction and Deſign;
Thy Votaries by this more ſtrong become,
Gath'ring freſh Vigour by thy Martyrdom.
Arabian Spices ſo diſſolv'd by Heat,
Scatter around Perfumes divinely ſweet.
So *Ptolomy*'s fam'd Library did ſhine
In unlearn'd Flames, no leſs compar'd to thine.
They periſh'd, but thy deathleſs Work receives
Freſh Vigour from the burning of thy Leaves.
Spight of their envious Hate, thou ſhalt be read,
Nor die, 'till Truth and Principle be dead.
Thou to thy former Beauty ſhalt return,
Shine like a Cherub, like a Seraph burn.
But oh! expect what the three Children bore,
A Flame that's ſeven times hotter than before,
And all Fanatick Rage can practiſe more.
But thou ſhalt feel no Harm, nor Fear diſclole,
But, like the Furnace, flaſh upon thy Foes.

Fair

Fair Warning.

MOnarchs, beware, your Titles they disown,
Who say Obedience undermines the Throne.
'Tis Non-Resistance that upholds the Crown;
Let bold Resistance thrive, 'twill tumble down.
If Whiggish Maxims saucily are taught,
Your Crowns are Baubles, and your Titles nought.
Such prophane Notions, impudently prest,
Will make supream Prerogative a Jest.
All divine Rights are then like Spiders Nets,
And Church Decrees and Homilies are Cheats.
When Tub-Dissenters eagerly are bent
Against Monarchical Establishment,
Who sees not *Cromwell* is expresly meant?
Impatient for their darling Common-wealth,
Which they promote by Violence or Stealth,
Tho' Laws and Constitution's their Pretence,
Inherent Anarchy's their secret Sense,
And Decollation is the Consequence.

The London *Address.*

Madam,

WE the hundred and fifty Elect of the Gown,
By his Lordship conven'd from all Parts of the Town,

Now you've turn'd out your Friends, for which Heavens bless you!
Conceive we may safely misread and address you.
In the first Place, we beg you'd be pleas'd to take Notice,
For 'tis nothing but Truth, *in verbo Sacerdotis*,
That the Hearts and the Hands of High-Church Men were never
Yet known, in State-Matters, to travel together:
This we wisely premise, that from thence you may guess
What Credit is due to our Loyal Address.
The Tryal was wicked, no Precedent for it;
And, as *genuine Sons of the Church*, we abhor it:
Of your Honour, no doubt, 'twas an horrid Invasion,
To maintain to your Face, and that of the Nation,
That the late Revolution, by which you now reign,
Was free from Rebellion's most damnable Stain.
Your Majesty's Title we say's by Descent,
Tho' we swear 'tis confirm'd by the People's Consent.
Thus the Church-Bacon's say'd, come Whig or come Tory,
We've a Meaning reserv'd to prove we are for you:
We have taken the Oaths, and our Livings secur'd;
Yet ne'er heard of his Claim, whose Claim we've abjur'd.
Sometimes in our Works Right Divine's our Expression,
Sometimes we cry up the establish'd Succession;
So catch as catch can, we've engag'd the Careless
Of St. *Germains* and *Hanover* by our Addresses.

We own 'tis a Sin your just Pow'r to resist,
Yet we vow to withstand it whenever we list;
For if we but fancy that Slavery's coming,
My Lord cries, To Horse, and we all fall a drumming.
We thought the *French* King was reduc'd enough long since,
And to ruin him quite, was too cruel in Conscience;
We therefore all join in this peaceable Pray'r,
Oh! Lord, *scatter those that delight in the War.*

To conclude: Oh! thou Mother of our Mother-Church,
Good Grand-mother, leave us not now in the Lurch;
You see we are here in a militant State,
And our Triumph, God knows, are promis'd us late,
Ah! do but indulge us in the next Convocation,
We'll drive your Supremacy out of the Nation,
And hoist up our own, 'till the next Restoration.

High-Church Loyalty.

A Song.

YOU terrestrial Love-creepers, what do you mean,
By *Perkin* and *Pope*, to asperse honest Men?
Instead of a Bumper, fill up a whole Tun,
And a Halter for those that the Mischief begun.

Perfidious Hypocrites, that seem so devout,
You fain would extinguish Religion quite out.
To pious Sachev'rell *let Bumpers go round,*
Who dash'd your Endeavours at last on the Ground.

We have not forgot your Contrivance of late,
Against both the Crown, and the Church, and the State.
In Rivers of Claret let Loyalty swim;
But a Halter for those in Religion do trim.

You are not contented to play your old Game,
But slily would fix upon others the Blame.
Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,
In Pipes of Canary let Honesty swim.

As for the Pretender, you are his true Friends,
Who breed a Confusion to compass his Ends.
Then fill up a Bowl, fill it up to the Brim,
Let Treason sink down, and let Loyalty swim.

But Phanaticks, Phanaticks, never hope more
To bring in a *Cromwell*, as you did before.
With Garlands of Honour their Temples be crown'd,
Who Popish and Whiggish Designs do confound.

Your Bugbear of *Perkin*, the *Turk*, and the *Pope*,
Will never prevail to extinguish our Hope.
The Church of Great Britain *shall flourish again,*
Not under a Perkin, *but* Hanover's *Reign.*

You, under the Colour of sanctify'd Zeal,
Cry up Moderations, your Game to conceal:
But wary Sachev'rell *discover'd the Cheat,*
And open'd the Eyes of the Nation to see't.

The late Toleration, for which you did bawl,
Has made you so haughty, that now you must fall.
Then drink a full Brimmer to those honest Men
That Faction kept out, and are now coming in.

We see your Intentions begin to appear,
How by a Protector you'd manage us here;
Which waken'd the Nobles, and startl'd the Queen,
Who now are determin'd to alter the Scene.

Good Night, Gaffer Presbyter, your day is out,
The Tories are up, and the Wheel goes about:
Then fill a great Bowl, fill it up to the Brim,
In Oceans of Sherry let Honesty swim.

Come drink to the Union, the Church, and the Queen,
While Pop'ry and Anarchy dies of the Spleen.
Then to Great Britain *fill up a large Tun,*
And a Halter for those the Confusion begun.

Leviathan; or, A Hymn to poor Brother Ben.

To the Tune of *The Good Old Cause reviv'd.*

WHY now so melancholy, *Ben?*
What, ſtabb'd to Death by *Blackhall's* Pen?
Invoke old *Hobs*, and ſnarl again.

What, freezing nigh the Artick Pole?
Rouſe, rouſe thy ſad dejected Soul,
Here's *Tom of Bedlam* with a Bowl.

Then awake, and clear the fatal Cup,
'Twill chear thy drooping Spirits up;
'Tis Faction's Bowl, leave not a Sup.

Oh! bravely drank; for this I'll raiſe
Thy Name aloft in *Milton's* Lays,
And *Tindal's* Rights ſhall ſound thy Praiſe.

Why howl the Dogs? From whence this Sound?
Why dance the Golden Tripods round?
And what is't moves the ſolid Ground?

Cho. *Great* Ben *with ſacred Rage is bleſt,*
He foams, he ſwells, he is compreſt,
The God ſits heavy on his Breaſt.

Hence, hence, ye mitr'd Prieſts, away,
All ye who blind Obedience pay
To royal Monarchs Princely Sway.

Thou

Thou Mob, our Sov'reign Lord, appear,
With unpolluted Feet draw near,
And ſit in thy imperial Chair.

Thou equal to the Gods above,
And ſcarce inferior unto *Jove*;
Through thee we are, we live, and move.

Thou art the univerſal Pole;
Round thee all other Powers rowl,
And thou do'ſt actuate the whole.

From thee all Magiſtracy ſprings;
Thou giv'ſt the ſacred Rule to Kings;
And at thy Nod they're uſeleſs Things.

What, tho' they ſtile themſelves divine,
And would ſucceed by Right of Line,
There is no Law on Earth, but thine.

To whom thou liſt thou giv'ſt the Crown,
To *Charles* or *Nol*, to Prince or Clown;
And who ſets up, may tumble down.

Thou bid'ſt them act the People's Good;
But if they rule not as they ſhou'd,
With Glory thou may'ſt let them Blood.

Like thy bold Sires in Forty-Eight,
Who neck'd their Prince, a worthy Fate!
For tyrannizing o'er the State.

That Prince, by Title, *Charles the First*,
Of all the Race of Kings, the worſt,
Nor pious, great, nor good, nor juſt.

Therefore thy Sires could not him ſave,
But ſent him headleſs to the Grave;
Such Honour all the Saints ſhall have.

And if, like them, thou wil'ſt fulfil
Our Sov'reign Lord the People's Will,
Thou muſt dethrone or ſtab the Ill.

Cho. *Then thus great* Salters-Hall *ſhall ſing*;
Thus, thus the Calve's-Head-Club *ſhall ſing*,
Leviathan, *our God and King*.

On the voting a Reward to be given Ben H——.

BEN H——, *Julian Johnſon*, *Titus Oates*,
Have had the Commons recommending Votes.
O! happy *Ben*, who would not envy thee
To be a Member of ſuch Company?
Then pray for poor *Sacheverell*, for he,
Who could have thought it! hath preferred thee.
Ride gravely on, brave *Ben*; for this we ſay,
That ev'ry D—g, like thee, hath had its Day.
The Time may come, if *Britain*'s Pray'rs are heard,
That thou may'ſt be impeach'd, and he preferr'd.

On

On our lukewarm Christians.

ST. *Paul*, *Be zealous in good Matters*, saith:
This shews *Low-Church-Men* have but little Faith;
They won't believe, e'en tho' St. *Paul* has said it;
Scripture it self with them can gain no Credit;
Else they'd forsake that vile *Fanatick Party*,
And in the Church's Cause prove true and hearty.

On the late Martyrs of the Church.

IN one sad Month two blessed Martyrs fell,
Pious *Charles*, great *Laud*, who now with Angels dwell.
Curs'd be the Race that brought them to the Block,
And the vile Hands that gave the fatal Stroke.
Villains, remember how your factious Race
Were truly scourg'd by a true Son of Grace.
Heav'ns preserve him here, and when he dies,
May a like Phœnix from his Dust arise:
May the bold Truths, with which he warm'd St. *Paul*'s,
Live, and be lasting as her sacred Walls.

An

An Epigram.

A *Jew* and a *Gen'ral* join'd both in a Trade,
The *Jew* was a Baker, the *Gen'ral* sold Bread;
The *Jew* had before sold *Snuff* or the *Muff*,
But now with the *Gen'ral* sells musty brown Crust,
And circumcis'd Loaves, that hungry starv'd Wretches,
Who can break thro' Stone Walls, might be useful at Breaches.
We read how *Dramcansir*, having kill'd all his Foes,
Falls foul on his Friends, and kills all that he knows;
He was Prince of the *Mohocks*, who scouring the Street,
With their known *Medoration* wound all that they meet.
Impartial and fierce thus our Hero kills dead,
His Foes with his Arms, his Friends with his Bread.
'Tis Time to make Peace, Oh insatiable Getter!
For who'd fight for Bread, when their Bread is no better.

The Transubstantiation.

Avaro.

MOnstrous *Avaro* urges, How can this be?
A Priest turn Bread into a Deity?

Priest.

But pray, *Avaro*, why should that seem odd?
You turn Bread into Gold, and that's your God.

The

The Grand Tack.

THE Globe of Earth, on which we dwell,
Is tack'd unto the Poles;
The little World of Oaralles
Is tack'd unto their Souls.
The Parson's chiefest Business is,
To tack the Soul to Heaven:
The Doctor's is, to keep the Tack
Of Soul and Body even:
The Priest, besides the Office, tacks
The Husband to the Wife;
And that's a Tack, God help them both,
Will hold them during Life.
The Queen, the Lords, and Commons, are
In Senate tack'd together;
And if by any Means untack'd,
No Good can come to either.
The Crown is tack'd unto the Church,
The Church unto the Crown;
The W—— are slightly tack'd to both,
And fain would pull both down.
Since all the World's a gen'ral Tack
Of one Thing to another,
Then why about the honest Tack
Do Fools make such a Pother?

Acrostick.

Acroſtick.

WHig's the firſt Letter of his Name;
Hypocriſy's the ſecond of the ſame;
Anarchy his Darling and his Aim;
Rebellion, Diſcord, Mutiny, and Faction;
Tom, Captain of the Mob, in Soul and Action;
O'ergrown in Sin, cornuted, old, in Debt,
Nol's Soul and *Ireton*'s live within him yet.

On the 30th of January.

YE Hypocrites, leave off your Pranks,
To murder Kings, and then give Thanks;
Be gone, and trouble God no farther,
For God accepts no Thanks for Murder.

A Litany.

FROM People pretending t' extraord'nary Zeal,
That can faſt and pray, publick Vices to heal,
Yet eat up an Orphan at ev'ry Meal,

Libera nos, &c.

From

From them that ſtudiouſly Miſchiefs do make,
And cheat their beſt Friends for *Conſcience* Sake,
And for Gain will go to th' *infernal* Lake,
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch as take the Sacramental *Tye*,
Whene'er they find a good *Reaſon* why,
Yet never think they are bound thereby,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Pale Ale* with Lime in't, and *Parſons*'s Bub,
From the Gang of Rogues at a *Calf*'s-*Head-Club*,
And the fiery Tryal of *Burgeſs*'s Tub,
Libera nos, &c.

From tolerated Churches without e'er a Steeple,
From *H——y*, the phanatick cuckoldly Cripple,
And from the ſovereign Power o'th' People,
Libera nos, &c.

From the traiterous Off-ſpring of *Forty One*,
That cringe, and fawn, and flatter the Crown,
For no other End, but to pull it quite down,
Libera nos, &c.

From thoſe that by publick Frauds are enrich'd,
And ſuch as 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* are bewitch'd,
And Republicans into *Vice-Royalties* hitch'd,
Libera nos, &c.

From empty, hot-headed, fierce Legiſlators,
Traiterous *Reviews*, and baul'd *Obſervators*,
And ſenſeleſs, eternal, politick Praters,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Cabals* that to ruin the Kingdom do ſit,
From new Laws that inſult the old *Sacred Writ*,
And from *Courtiers* over *burthen*'d with Wit,
Libera nos, &c.
From the Peſt of a State, a Club-ridden Brave,
Who a Nation does with her own Money enſlave,
And has damn'd more in Fact, than *Juſtice* can ſave,
Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,
From an Head of a City, whoſe Word goes for nought,
And from eating hard Eggs without any Salt,
Libera nos, &c.

To th' Learn'd and Rev'rend Dr. H—-y *The quaint Petition of the Godly,*

Moſt humbly ſheweth, That whereas
Our Cauſe is better than it was
Before the happy Revolution,
When the Saints dream'd of Perſecution,
And did, for ſundry Reaſons, fear
The Pope and Devil were too near;

But

But ſince by your authentick Teaching,
As well by ſcribbling as by preaching,
Aſſiſted by our own Induſtry,
With much ado we've got the Maſt'ry;
And that the Wiſdom of the Nation,
To ſhew their thankful Approbation
Of the ſound Doctrines you have ſown,
To undermine both Church and Crown,
Drawn from thoſe learn'd and holy Fathers,
Hobs, *Calvin*, *Leiden*, *John*, and others;
And that to recompence your beſt
Endeavours to befoul your Neſt,
They've choſe you as the only Guide,
That muſt, in Spite, be dignify'd,
In Hopes *Sacheverell* thereby
May ſee how he has trod awry,
And learn to ſtretch the holy Word
To what's deſtructive and abſurd.
We therefore pray, when they have rais'd you,
Who have ſo highly thank'd and prais'd you,
That you'll continue ſtill to be
A zealous true Church-Enemy;
Preach up thoſe Principles that now
Your Tongue and Pen alike avow;
Teach Subjects how to grow rebellious,
And turn obſtrep'rous *Maſſanello's*;
Make Servants level with their Maſters,
And ſet the Flock above their Paſtors;
Pervert the Text from Good to Evil,
And mangle Truth to ſerve the Devil,

That Nonſenſe, Atheiſm, and Confuſion,
May work ſome farther Revolution.
Then, as in Duty bound, we'll pray,
That you may ſee that happy Day,
When you'll be exalted God knows whither,
And *Paul Lorain* attend you thither.

John Foxe, a zealous Moderator;
Tom Sly, a Friend to th' *Obſervator*.
Jo Cant, a rigid Preſbyterian;
Will Snug, a Rogue you ſeldom hear on;
Sam Stiff, an Anabaptiſt-Teacher;
Frank Bray, a true time-ſerving Preacher;
Elias Crump, a Camiſarian;
Tim Mutable, an Any-thing-arian;
Kit Graſp, a Lover of his Self;
Bob Query, Atheiſt, like your ſelf.

All or none.

A Woman grown louſy for Want of due Care,
Reſolv'd all her former Miſtakes to repair;
And accordingly went amongſt Porters and Car-men,
For Ways and for Means to get rid of thoſe Vermin,
Since none could more readily give her Advice,
Than ſuch whoſe Acquaintance had long been with Lice,

And knew where ſuch Cattle were wont to reſide,
By the Methods which they to extirpate them try'd.
Quoth a Fellow, whoſe Skill in ſuch Myſt'ries was deep,
And who conſtantly fed 'em both awake and aſleep,
By the Means of a Shirt full as black as a Coal,
And by what 't had given Birth to, could very nigh crawl,
Good Miſtreſs, you've nothing to do, but go hence,
To be freed from the Creatures which give you Offence;
For if you but ſhift you, 'tis twenty to one
But every Creeper troops off, and is gone.
When away went the Matron, and did as he ſaid,
But tho' ſhe loſt ſome, a Majority ſtay'd,
That grew to Increaſe, and engender again in
All the Cloaths ſhe left on, both her Woollen and Linnen;
Which made her outrageous, and looſen her Garters,
To pull off her Stockings, that gave 'em good Quarters.
But that would not do, ſtill they kept their Abode,
While ſhe had her Stays on, or Gown, or Commode.
Woe's me, cry'd the Female, *what muſt I do next?*
The more I pull off, ſtill the more I'm perplext.
Oh! that's a Miſtake, ſaid a Wench that ſtood by,
For none has a better Expedient than I;
Off at once with your Stays, and your Headcloths, and Gown,
That all that hang on 'em may burn, or may drown;
For if others are put on but ſpick and ſpan new,
Not a Louſe will come near 'em, nor be in your View.

The Woman conſider'd, and paus'd on the Matter,
For Fear ſome ill Accident might happen after;
And when ſhe had her *old Equipage* loſt,
The new ones might harbour more Lice, to her Coſt:
At laſt ſhe took Heart, and reſolving to do't,
Was as clean as a Penny from her Head to her Foot.

A Petition to the Queen for Mr. H——.

NOW *H*—— long has ſerv'd the good *Old Cauſe*,
When an Addreſs the grateful Senate draws,
Beſeeching *ANNA*, that her pious Slave
May for paſt Service, ſome *Advancement* have:
The Queen conſents, bids 'em not doubt to ſee
The Prelate's Labour ſhall rewarded be.
Be juſt then, *ANNA*, let the Nation cry;
Let not ſuch Merit unregarded lye,
But raiſe the Teacher fifty Cubits high.

The New Revolution; *or, The* Whigs *turn'd* Jacobites.

WHat a Race were you running, from bad into worſe,
If you had not been croſs'd in the midſt of your Courſe,

By

By a Prieſt who'd the Senſe to look timely before him,
And to wiſely take Care that you ſhou'd not ride o'er him?
'Twas a ſcurvy Miſchance that you ſtumbl'd upon him,
But a worſe to you *Whigs*, that you cou'd not o'er-run him;
Since it ſhew'd you too weak, in the Heighth of your Glory,
To grapple with one honeſt Prieſt of a Tory,
Who'd the Courage to tell you your own at a Time
When you labour'd to puniſh all Truth as a Crime;
And in ſpite of your Querks, made it after appear,
That his Doctrine was ſound, and his Arguments clear,
Whilſt the Tongues of your Party were warmly exerted,
To juſt no more Purpoſe than if you had farted;
For Truth, tho' ſhe's bury'd, again will ariſe,
And be cleans'd from the Dirt of Fanatical Lies,
As the Aſhes of thoſe that are loyal and juſt,
Shall awake from their Slumbers, and ſhake off their Ruſt.

But, alas, what a Railing and Raving you make,
Now you find your ſelves cramp'd by your fooliſh Miſtake,
And confounded at once by your building awry,
That Republican *Babel* you carry'd too high,
'Till the whole tumbl'd down, to your Shame everlaſting,
For want of your Managers rightly forecaſting:

So

So Children with Cards fine Eſcurials will raiſe,
And with Courtiers and Knaves the weak Tenement grace,
'Till by building too high on a feeble Foundation,
They o'erthrow the whole Work, and then rave in a Paſſion,
And at thoſe that ſtand by will be railing and ſqualling,
Tho' their own Want of Judgment occaſion'd its falling.

You, the W——s of the Realm, where's your Loyalty fled,
Now your Cauſe is quite ſunk, and your Int'reſt decay'd?
Who are Jacobites now? the High-Church that maintain
The true Right of Succeſſion in *Anna*'s right Reign,
Or your murmuring Party, who grinning diſown
That the Queen has, by Birth, any Right to the Throne?
And when, over Coffee, like Rebels declare,
That ſhe rules by your Curteſy, not as an Heir?

Pray ſuppoſe that you rob me of what is my Right,
And unleſs you refund, I can never come by't;
If you make a Return, that your humble Conceſſion
May atone, in due time, for your wicked Tranſgreſſion,
Still you render no more, for your Safety, unto me,
Than what you before kept moſt wrongfully from me;

Nor

Nor am I oblig'd, when you grant me Poſſeſſion,
To limit my Reign to your crafty Donation,
Since my Title to what you but honeſtly give me,
Is better than that which you had to deprive me;
For tho' you return what you ſtole for a Time,
Yet a Thief's ſtill a Thief, and his Rapine a Crime.
What if Reprobates plunder my Father and Mother,
Then, betwixt them and me, give the Spoil to another,
And, by cunning Pretences, obtain my Conſent,
In a Wrong to my ſelf which my Heart never meant;
And tho' I'm put by, yet at length they reſtore
What they very unjuſtly held from me before;
Muſt I thank 'em, and ſay, when they give me my own,
That, inſtead of my Right, 'twas their generous Boon?
No, I ſurely muſt think 'em baſe Knaves to expect it,
And worſe, if by Force they ſhou'd ever exact it;
'Tis enough they have wrong'd me, to pleaſure their Spite,
Not compel me to own, when poſſeſs'd of my Right,
That I've no other Title by Law or by Nature,
Or the Precepts laid down by our bleſſed Salvator,
Than what I derive from a Tribe that poſtpon'd me
From enjoying my Right, when they ought to have own'd me.

Ah W——s! you may now your ill Fortune bewail,
Your Preſumption and Fury have quite turn'd the Scale;
The Wiſe and the Honeſt, as well as the Rabble,
Are now for confounding your inſolent *Babel*;

Since

Since they find you're for building a Common-
wealth Tow'r
To a Pitch far exceeding Monarchical Pow'r;
But in vain you're miſ-led by the Devil's old Dream,
To purſue the vile Tracts of Tap *Shaftsbury*'s Scheme;
For you never will finiſh the Courſe you are running,
Till the Church are leſs wiſe, and your Party more
cunning.
Great *Jove* with his Lightning ſtill blaſts your Deſigns,
And in Wrath blows up all your Republican Mines;
Inſomuch that the Church (as you told us long ſince)
Is indeed out of Danger, as well as our Prince:
So that what you then cunningly voted, why truly
You've juſtly made good by your ſubſequent Folly:
So our dull dreaming Saints, full of ſpiritual Whims,
Who delight to be guided by Viſions and Dreams,
The Reſults of dark Fancy do oft bring to Light,
In their acting by Day what they dream in the Night.

What a Tack you have made ſince your late Under-
taking
Succeeded ſo ill, that your Hearts ſtill are aching,
For fear what you acted, when Lords Paramount,
Now the Scene is quite chang'd, ſhou'd be call'd to
Account?
How comes it about that ſuch zealous Defenders
Of the Proteſtant Right againſt Popiſh Pretenders,
Should now, of a ſudden, ſet up for Reſtorers,
And talk with more Freedom than any Non-jurors,

Commend

Commend the Rehearſal, ſpeak light of the T——,
And in publick affirm what is Treaſon to own:
So your cunning Attorneys, that live by the Laws,
If they're thruſt by the Plaintiff once out of a Cauſe,
Tho' they know that 'tis falſe, they'll aſſert, out of Spite,
That the injur'd Defendant point blank has the Right.

Who are Loyaliſts now, but the Church that maintains
All the Dignities due to the Monarch that reigns?
Who Friends to the Nation, but thoſe that preſerve her,
From the Rapine and Plunder of Knaves that would ſtarve her?
Not a Tribe who would carry the late Revolution
So far as to ruin our old Conſtitution:
Not a murmuring Crew, who are never at Eaſe,
But when Kings give them Leave to inſult as they pleaſe,
That their Avarice, Spite, and unbounded Ambition,
May reduce the whole Land to a wretched Condition,
And the Church be enſlav'd by a ſanctify'd Crew
Of Republican Knaves, and the Devil knows who.

But the Tide, God be thanked, is happily turn'd,
And the Nation, who under W—— Management mourn'd,
Now ſmile to behold the Republican Brothers
Tumble into that Pit they were digging for others;

And

And the Projects wherein all their Tribe were ſo hearty,
Should be turn'd by themſelves into Rods for their Party.
But conſider it right, and 'tis no mighty Wonder
Such lame Undertakers ſhould ſtumble or blunder,
Since the W——s in the Saddle were always ſo civil,
To ſpur as if riding Poſt-Haſte to the Devil.

The Fanatick's Prayer; for the Uſe of Conventicles, *where Rebellion has its Riſe, and Loyalty its Downfal.*

GOD grant us Grace and Courage to defend
Thy only Church, the Nation's ſureſt Friend,
From *Deiſts*, *Atheiſts*, and *Diſſenting* Foes,
And all that do her ſacred Truths oppoſe.
Let not, O Lord! her Enemies prevail,
Or their promiſcuous Numbers turn the Scale;
Who, tho' they jar, in Principles unite,
And on thy ſacred *Altars* vent their Spite;
That they may fully, to their impious Shame,
The Church that honours thy *eternal* Name,
And truly guides us in that heav'nly Road
Thy only *Son*, and our Redeemer, trod.

O! Suffer not thy Enemies, thoſe wicked Weeds,
To grow, and ſcatter their deſtructive Seeds

Amidſt

Amidſt thy Garden, where the Righteous dwell,
And with relenting Hearts their Sins bewail.
O! let not ſuch a raſh and heath'niſh Race,
So proud, ſo cruel, blaſphemous, and baſe,
Go on and proſper, and exalt their Horn;
But tread 'em down, and laugh thy Foes to Scorn.
Confound the vile Devices of their Hearts,
And turn upon themſelves their envious Darts.
Defeat their Projects, baffle their Deſigns,
Let their Cauſe periſh, as the Sun declines.
And thoſe that aim to make thy Church their Slaves,
Together cluſh, like the tempeſtuous Waves.

Let no Pretences whatſoe'er delude,
From the true Path, the weak miſ-judging Crowd:
But keep 'em ſteady to the Church and Throne,
And give them Grace and Strength to trample down
Thoſe wicked Weeds thy Enemies have ſown.

O Lord! extinguiſh thoſe inſulting Flames
That burn thy holy Truths for impious Shams:
Let not thy Doctrines periſh in Diſgrace
By wretched Hands, ſo infamouſly baſe;
But grant us Courage to maintain thy Word
Againſt the raging Force of Fire and Sword;
And not thro' Cowardice ſubmit to ſee
Thy Enemies blaſpheme thy Church and Thee.
O Lord! ſuppreſs *Hypocriſy* and *Schiſm*,
Confound *Sedition* and *Socinianiſm*,

That

That thy true Church may gain the upper Hand,
And, like a Bay-Tree, flouriſh thro' the Land.
Give no miſtaken Zealots Leave to ſpread
Thoſe dang'rous Errors into which they're led;
But call them back from their deſtructive Ways,
And turn their Hearts by thy convincing Grace.
Aſſwage their Malice, and abate their Pride,
And ſilence thoſe that do their Souls miſ-guide.
Let them not wander in the Vales of Night,
Without a Glimpſe of thy eternal Light;
But bring them to thy Church, where all may ſee
The glorious Path that leads to Heav'n and Thee.

O Lord, preſerve our Conſtitution ſafe;
Blind not our Eyes, or let our Ears be deaf;
But let us ſee our Danger e'er it grows
Too mighty for thy People to oppoſe:
And may we timely from the Pulpit hear
What 'tis we are to ſhun, and what to fear,
That by our juſt Endeavours, and thy Aid,
We may eſcape thoſe Snares our Foes have laid,
And turn their Works of Malice and Deceit,
Upon themſelves, that dug the gaping Pit.

O gracious God, defend the Royal Throne,
And the moſt bleſs'd of Queens, that ſits thereon:
Grant Her thy Wiſdom, bravely to ſuſtain
Thoſe weighty Conflicts that perplex her Reign.
May her juſt Arms her Foes abroad o'ercome,
And her wiſe Conduct humble thoſe at Home;

That lasting Peace may be the great Event
Of all that Sea of Blood and Treasure spent.
Be thou, O Lord, her Council, and her Aid,
That no proud Faction may her Throne invade:
But so preserve her in her sov'reign State,
That as she's Good, she may be truly Great.
Guide her, O Heav'n, in all Things for the best,
And let no Party-Feuds disturb her Rest.
Secure her Royal Breast from Grief and Care,
And make her Queen of Peace, as well as War;
That she may long enjoy a happy Calm,
And turn her Scepter to a Branch of Palm.
May she, O God, thy holy Church advance,
Above the Reach of Spite and Ignorance;
And always in its just Defence exert
The Christian Courage of her *English* Heart;
That the whole World, from Time to Time, may see
Her Justice and unfeign'd Sincerity.
Lord, grant her Subjects an united Sense
Of their Queen's Love, and matchless Excellence;
And of their own just Duty which they owe
To her, from whom such Streams of Goodness flow;
That they may labour, with a stedfast Mind,
To make their Monarch happy, whom they find
So wise, so good, so merciful, and kind.
May she for ever on the Throne remain;
Grant her, if possible, an endless Reign,
That After-Ages may her Virtues see,
And with her Smiles be blest as well as we.

That thy true Church may gain the upper Hand,
And, like a Bay-Tree, flouriſh thro' the Land.
Give no miſtaken Zealots Leave to ſpread
Thoſe dang'rous Errors into which they're led;
But call them back from their deſtructive Ways,
And turn their Hearts by thy convincing Grace.
Aſſwage their Malice, and abate their Pride,
And ſilence thoſe that do their Souls miſ-guide.
Let them not wander in the Vales of Night,
Without a Glimpſe of thy eternal Light;
But bring them to thy Church, where all may ſee
The glorious Path that leads to Heav'n and Thee.

O Lord, preſerve our Conſtitution ſafe;
Blind not our Eyes, or let our Ears be deaf;
But let us ſee our Danger e'er it grows
Too mighty for thy People to oppoſe:
And may we timely from the Pulpit hear
What 'tis we are to ſhun, and what to fear,
That by our juſt Endeavours, and thy Aid,
We may eſcape thoſe Snares our Foes have laid,
And turn their Works of Malice and Deceit,
Upon themſelves, that dug the gaping Pit.

O gracious God, defend the Royal Throne,
And the moſt bleſs'd of Queens, that ſits thereon:
Grant Her thy Wiſdom, bravely to ſuſtain
Thoſe weighty Conflicts that perplex her Reign.
May her juſt Arms her Foes abroad o'ercome,
And her wiſe Conduct humble thoſe at Home;

That lasting Peace may be the great Event
Of all that Sea of Blood and Treasure spent.
Be thou, O Lord, her Council, and her Aid,
That no proud Faction may her Throne invade:
But so preserve her in her sov'reign State,
That as she's Good, she may be truly Great.
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That they may labour, with a stedfast Mind,
To make their Monarch happy, whom they find
So wise, so good, so merciful, and kind.
May she for ever on the Throne remain;
Grant her, if possible, an endless Reign,
That After-Ages may her Virtues see,
And with her Smiles be bless'd as well as we.

Lord, keep the Nation from Confuſion free;
Defend us from the Curſe of *Anarchy*.
Let no Republick Projects take Effect
By their Induſtry, or our own Neglect;
But with an Eye of Wrath, O Lord, look down,
And ſtop their Fury againſt Church and Crown:
Baffle their Hopes, their ill Deſigns retard,
And grant us Grace to keep a watchful Guard,
That no Attempt may by Surprize ſucceed,
Our Courage can withſtand, or Care impede:
For a ſmall Force, that's reſolute and hard,
May worſt an Army that is unprepar'd.

Reſtrain thoſe Tongues that ſpitefully deviſe
Such daring Fables, and reproachful Lies,
To blacken thoſe who from their early Youth,
Have hugg'd Religion, and maintain'd the Truth;
And in their riper Years have bravely ſhew'd,
They are not only wiſe and learn'd, but good;
Patient in ſuff'ring, in Devotion warm,
Cool in a Calm, courageous in a Storm;
Bold to aſſert the Truth, but not moroſe,
And ready to embrace the Chriſtian Croſs;
Fearleſs of Danger in a Cauſe ſo juſt,
True to the Church, and faithful to their Truſt.
O Lord, we humbly pray that thou would'ſt pleaſe
To doubly bleſs ſuch heav'nly Guides as theſe:
Preſerve them daily from the Rage of thoſe
Who to thy Church are ſuch impatient Foes;

Fanaticks

Fanaticks, *Deists*, *Atheists*, and a Crowd
Of spiteful *Hypocrites*, perversely proud,
Who in their Lives no more Religion show,
Than what regards their Wealth and Ease below.
O Lord, secure thy Priests from the Revenge
Of Monsters, such as these, much giv'n to Change,
Who rend and ruffle both the Church and State,
To make their wicked Selves unjustly Great.
Let 'em not soar to any dang'rous Height,
But clip their Wings, and stop their hasty Flight;
Lest by their Malice, *Satan*'s Work be wrought,
And true Religion into Scandal brought.
Withhold their Hatred, disappoint their Aim,
And turn their Projects to their publick Shame.
Confound the wicked Plots they have in Hand,
And make them odious to their native Land,
Unless in Time they heartily repent,
And own the Church from which they now *dissent*.
Strip off their Masks, and let the Nation see
Their Pride, their Malice, and Hypocrisy;
That crafty Zeal, grave Looks, and sham Pretence,
May pass no more for pious Innocence;
Nor draw the Land, when they their Game would play,
To credit what such faithless Wretches say;
But turn our Ears from their deceitful Tongues,
And arm us against all their future Wrongs.

From *Popish* Plots, and the Designs of *Rome*,
O Lord, preserve us for the Time to come.

Let no Diviſions by their Prieſts be ſown
To hurt thy Church, or undermine the Throne;
No Errors broach'd to lead the Weak aſtray,
And make them wander in ſome doubtful Way;
But keep thy Flock ſecure from ev'ry Snare
That's laid by Wolves, who Shepherds Cloathing wear.

Thoſe Fathers of thy Church, O Lord, preſerve,
Who never from the Truth for Int'reſt ſwerve;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity defend
Her ancient Doctrines by the Text maintain'd,
And with undaunted Reſolution break
Thoſe Meaſures that the Church Oppoſers take.
Make them ſtrong Pillars to ſupport the Faith,
And Fountains that may quench *Fanatick* Wrath;
Courageous Champions in the holy Cauſe,
That fear no Frowns, and value no Applauſe;
But ſuch that may with rev'rend Warmth contend,
With that proud Tribe that do the Church offend;
Grant them much Wiſdom, Piety, and Grace,
That with firm Zeal they may the Truth embrace,
And ſhun thoſe partial Errors that may be
Deſtructive to our Chriſtian Unity.
Make them ſuch holy Fathers, that each Son,
By their exemplar Lives, may ſquare his own;
That we the Flock, may from our Shepherds learn
Thoſe Duties that are ev'ry Man's Concern;
And by their pious Lives be taught to ſteer
According to thoſe Doctrines that we hear.

Good

Good Heav'n, look down upon the Rich and Great,
Who Lord it o'er the humble Crowd in State;
Grant them ſuch Virtues as may beſt agree
With the true Honour of their Quality:
Let not their preſent Happineſs deſtroy
A Senſe of that which leads to future Joy;
Or Riches raiſe 'em to a proud Degree,
Above Compaſſion or Humanity:
Let no Partiality their Judgment ſway,
Or Prejudice the common Good betray.
No Luſt of Greatneſs turn their Steps awry,
Or Fear in Points of Juſtice make them ſhy;
But grant them Grace and Courage to purſue
Thoſe ſober Dictates Conſcience ſays are true;
That all their ſev'ral Duties may be ſhown
To God, his Church, their Country, and the Throne;
And neither ſuffer by their careleſs Pride,
Or other Faults the Great have Arts to hide.
May no Temptation cauſe them to forſake
Their Duty, when the Kingdom lies at Stake;
Or Golden Bribe contaminate their Hands,
When all that make us happy, tott'ring ſtands.
Let no revengeful Heat their Reaſon blind,
And make 'em ſtrive in vain 'gainſt Tide and Wind,
Leſt their own Warmth their Weakneſs ſhould betray,
And raiſe a Tempeſt that they cannot lay;
But grant them Grace to ſtand by Church and Crown,
And if they are of that unworthy grown,
Then from their lofty Stations ſtrike them down.

Open, O Lord, the hood-wink'd Nation's Eyes,
And let the Injur'd see their Enemies.
Strip off the outward Pomp that hides the Knaves,
Who gull the Crowd, and make the Land their Slaves.
Wash off that Sanctity, that holy Paint,
Which hides the Rogue, and makes the Dev'l a Saint;
That we no more may be deceiv'd by those
Who pass for Friends, but are the worst of Foes;
Church-ward they look, but row another Way,
And would be trusted only to betray;
Aim at high Places for no other Cause,
Than to subvert our Doctrines and our Laws;
And for the sake of Int'rest, or Revenge,
T' impose upon the Land some monst'rous Change.

From such as these deliver us, O Lord!
And from their sly Attempts the Kingdom guard.
Make us each Day more careful how we trust
A Race of Men so head-strong and unjust,
Who, when advanc'd to Pow'r, are ne'er content,
Without distracting Church or Government.
Grant us more Sense and Grace, than to peruse
Their dull Observers, or their base R——s;
Or to give Credit, when we know their Spite,
To any Thing their Party say or write.
Grant us more Wisdom than to heed their Shams,
Their quaint Distinctions, and their odious Names,
Coin'd by a Junto of Republick Knaves,
First to divide us, next to make us Slaves.

But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Nation's now awake,
And ſees at once their Aim and our Miſtake.
God give us Courage ſoon to ſtop their Courſe,
Before the Danger by Delay grows worſe;
And ſuffer not old *Britain* to become
The Scorn of Fools, and Jeſt of Chriſtendom;
But grant us Chriſtian Courage to defeat
Their ill Deſigns, in Spite of all their Heat,
And make our ſelves once more ſecure and great.

T

A Short

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE *State of* ENGLAND,

When King *JAMES* design'd to call his Second PARLIAMENT.

Collected chiefly from the third Volume of the Rev. Dr. *Kennet*'s History of *England*.

THE Papists being still apprehended to persist in their arbitrary Designs, and several Proclamations of late having been issu'd out against them, it was thought fit, for the Benefit of the Publick at this Time, to publish a short Account of their Management when they were in Power.

When

When King *James* the Second came to the Throne, he was vehemently ſuſpected, tho' not openly declar'd, to be of a Religion different from that of the Church of *England*. However, in his firſt Speech to his Council, and afterwards to his Parliament, he was graciouſly pleas'd to declare, *That he would preſerve the Government both in Church and State. That he would always ſupport the Church of* England. *That he affected not arbitrary Power. Would invade no Man's Property, and aim'd to be no greater than the Laws would make him.* I would in Charity believe, that the King himſelf, at that Time, meant what he ſaid, and deſign'd to have been as good as his Word, had he not been ſeduc'd by evil Counſels.

Never was Prince met with more Duty and Loyalty at his coming to the Throne, than this King was. His Parliament, without Delay, ſettled upon him all the Revenues which his Predeceſſor had enjoy'd; and ſhew'd themſelves in all Inſtances, (particularly in the Caſe of the Duke of *Monmouth*, who then pretended to the Crown) remarkably zealous for his Service, as far as was conſiſtent with their Honour, and Duty to their Country; but ſomething more being ſtill expected from them, they were haſtily prorogu'd, and at laſt ungratefully diſſolv'd, with many Marks of Diſlike and Diſgrace.

The firſt Offence taken in that Reign, was, at the Diſreſpect ſhewn to the Memory of the late King; than whom no Prince was ever more belov'd by his Subjects, or better deſerv'd it. The Inſtance was notorious, in the King's *obſcure* and *parſimonious Funeral*, Vol. III. *Hiſt. Eng.* p. 427.

When the Court-Deſigns came to be known, the Thing contended for, appear'd to be no leſs than the *Church* and *Conſtitution*, which were to have been deſtroy'd, under the ſpecious Notion of *Liberty of Conſcience*. The Purport of King *James*'s Declaration, was, That a Toleration was abſolutely neceſſary for the Peace and Quiet of all his Subjects: That it was no way inconſiſtent

consistent with the Safety of the establish'd Church, and highly useful to promote and encourage Trade. P. 463.

The Parliament, as has been said, being found not for the Court-Purposes, was continu'd from Time to Time by Prorogation, 'till Matters should be ripe, and the Country dispos'd to send another, which would serve their Turn better. During that Time, the Measures taken, and the State of Things at Court, were as follows.

A thorough Change was made in the Ministry, and those who had been voted by Parliament in the former Reign, *Enemies to the King and Kingdom*, were now in the highest Posts of Trusts and Honour near his Majesty's Person. P. 481. *Med. Hist. Angl.* p. 303.

Lord *Sunderland*, a false, ambitious, treacherous Minister, had great Credit with the King; was always at his Ear, to mis-inform and mis-guide him, and did by his Counsels precipitate him into such violent Measures, as, in the End, prov'd his Ruin.

Lord *Clarendon* was recall'd from *Ireland*, and *Tyrconnel*, a hot, heavy, insolent, revengeful Lord, who worshipp'd at that Altar to which *Sunderland* was afterwards said to *bow low*, was sent over Lord-Lieutenant in his stead, to do the Drudgery in that Kingdom. Vol. III. *Hist. Angl.* p. 450.

To make sure of *Westminster-Hall*, Sir *Thomas Jones*, the Chief-Justice of the *Common-Pleas*, the greatest Lawyer, the best Judge, and a Man as much above Suspicion of Corruption, as perhaps ever fill'd that Seat, with several other worthy Judges, were displac'd, and new Men preferr'd in their Stead, as my Historian expresses himself, *of Weakness, or wilful Compliance*. But in *Ireland*, Lord-Chancellor and Judges were routed by wholesale, and a Pack of Wretches set upon the Bench, whose Names were never heard of at the Bar. *P.* 473.

The Judge of the Admiralty, Sir *Thomas Exton*, a Civilian of eminent Parts and Learning, a Man of great

great Uprightneſs, Virtue, and Spirit, was, in a moſt arbitrary Manner, turn'd out of that Poſt, for aſſiſting a worthy Prelate then under a violent and unjuſt Proſecution: I mean the Biſhop of *London*, whoſe *true* Crime was, whatever was the Pretence, a ſmart Speech he had made againſt the diſpenſing Power; which was call'd reflecting upon the King and Miniſtry.

Directions were printed, to prohibit the Clergy from preaching upon controverſial Points, which my learned Author calls *An enſnaring Letter, or Order*, and from ſome Body elſe, gives us this Comment, *That upon the Matter, it was forbidding the Clergy to defend themſelves when attack'd. P.* 446.

Violent Party-Zeal, and Scribbling for the Cauſe, was Merit enough to prefer a Man to a Biſhoprick. *Sam. Parker*, a Man of that Character, and a noted Drudge that Way, was ſent down to the Dioceſe of *Oxford*; without Queſtion, to try if his Preſence and Authority might awe and influence the Univerſity.

Diſſenters of all Kinds appear'd, and were careſs'd at Court. Many about the King's Perſon, who were diſqualify'd by Act of Parliament, from taking Places themſelves, had nevertheleſs the Intereſt to get the ſelling of them to others, and ſhar'd with them in the Profits. The Ladies of Pleaſure were obſerv'd to have leſs Power now, than in the former Reign; the King being unfortunately fond of his own Wife. *P.* 465.

The Army was new-modell'd: All the Officers that were ſuſpected, ſome upon ſmall Pretences, others upon no Pretence at all, were forc'd to quit. More Forces were thought convenient to be kept on Foot; but to give the leſs Occaſion of Jealouſy, the Levies were made Abroad, and the Army reinforc'd, or re-eſtabliſh'd, as I think the Term was, in *Ireland*. *The Court was crowded with Shoals of Officers, and no other Kind of Men were ſo welcome there.* Theſe Men had whor'd, drank, ranted, and bully'd about the Bill of Excluſion, and now made it their Plea, That they had been Sufferers for the Succeſſion. *P.* 487, 473.

Extraordinary Commiſſions were ſent down into the *Weſt*, to hang People; their Crime was *Rebellion*. Every little Scuffle at an Election was improv'd to a Riot; and many were inform'd againſt, haraſs'd, proſecuted, and fin'd upon moſt trivial Occaſions. *P.* 438.

The Lord-Lieutenants were made ſure to a Man, quite through the Kingdom. The Sheriffs all prepar'd. Juſtices of the Peace turn'd out by Forty's and Fifty's in a County. The Mayors and Bailiffs in all Corporations bought or terrify'd into Compliance Officers of the Exciſe, Cuſtoms, Hearth-Money, Treaſury, and all the Officers then in Being, were either turn'd out, or engag'd for ſuch Men as the Court ſet up. Nothing was omitted, but the ſending down Directions printed by Authority, not to chooſe ſuch Men as had voted for the Bill of Excluſion. Strange it was, that a Method ſo obvious, ſhould not be thought of: There being then many Men canvaſſing for Elections, who were *not falſly ſuſpected*, but known, profeſs'd, and avow'd Voters againſt the King's coming to the Crown. *P.* 466.

With about three Year's Management, Things were brought thus far; which was thought pretty violent Work, and not to have been done with much Decency. All the while, the Miniſtry profeſs'd their Care of the Church, though ſcarce a Man of them, or a Man preferr'd by them, but was of known Diſaffection to it, or at beſt ſate very looſe in his Principles about it. However, they wip'd their Mouths, cry'd *All was well*, were amaz'd, that what they did, could give Suſpicion or Diſturbance to any Body. What might have happen'd, was prevented by the glorious Revolution.

A Receipt

A Receipt to make a ſtiff-rump'd Preſbyterian.

TAKE of the Herbs *Hypocriſy* and *Ambition*, of each two Hand-fulls; of the Flower of *Formality*, two Scruples; of the Spirit of *Pride*, two Drams; of the Seeds of *Contention*, *Stubbornneſs*, and *Contempt*, of each four Drams; of the Root of *Moderation*, as ſmall a Quantity as poſſible: Chop the Herbs, pound the Seeds, ſlice the Roots, bruiſe all together in a Mortar of *Vain-glory*, with a Peſtle of *Contradiction*; put them into a Tun of *factious Water*, to be infus'd over a Brimſtone Fire of *feign'd Zeal* without *Goodneſs*, adding thereto two Ounces of the Syrup of *Self-Conceit*. When lukewarm, let the Perſon who is to be made a Preſbyterian, take ninety Spoon-fulls every Night and Morning, before and after his *Cant* has left him. When his Mouth is full of this damnable *Compound*, let him make wry Mouths, whine, and ſqueeze out ſome Tears of *Diſſimulation*. This will make the *Schiſmatick* maintain the *Alcoran*, confound the *Church*, delude the People, juſtify *Diſſention*, foment *Revolution*, and call it *Liberty of Conſcience*.

FINIS.

A Receipt to make a stiff-rump'd Presbyterian.

TAKE of the Herbs *Hypocrisy* and *Ambition*, of each two Hand fulls; of the Flower of *Formality*, two Scruples; of the Spirit of *Pride*, two Drams; of the Seeds of *Contention*, *Stubbornness*, and *Contempt*, of each four Drams; of the Root of *Moderation*, as small a Quantity as possible: Chop the Herbs, pound the Seeds, slice the Roots, bruise all together in a Mortar of *Vain-glory*, with a Pestle of *Contradiction*; put them into a Tun of *factious Water*, to be infus'd over a Brimstone Fire of *feign'd Zeal* without *Goodness*, adding thereto two Ounces of the Syrup of *Self-Conceit*. When lukewarm, let the Person who is to be made a Presbyterian, take ninety Spoon-fulls every Night and Morning, before and after his *Cant* has left him. When his Mouth is full of this damnable *Compound*, let him make wry Mouths, whine, and squeeze out some Tears of *Dissimulation*. This will make the *Schismatick* maintain the *Alcoran*, confound the *Church*, delude the People, justify *Dissention*, foment *Revolution*, and call it *Liberty of Conscience*.

FINIS.